
Advertisement.

✎ The second Part is now in
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With: Boothby 1'9"

THE
Compleat Mendicant :
O R,
Unhappy Beggar.
B E I N G

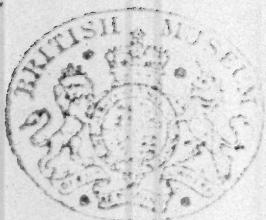
The Life of an Unfortunate Gentleman : In
which is a Comprehensive Account of several of
the most Remarkable Adventures, that befel him
in Three and Twenty Years Pilgrimage.

Also a Narrative of his entrance at *Oxford*, his Or-
dination, his Behaviour and Departure from Court,
his taking upon him the habit of a Shepherd, &c.
With general Reflections and Observations upon the
Men, Manners, Customs and Religions, of the several
Countreys he wander'd through.

Likewise Divers familiar Letters, both *Latin* and
English, Sermons, Poems, Essays, upon particular oc-
casions, with a singular Character of a *Monastick*
Life ; and the Description of a *Monastery*, all faithful-
ly Collected from his Original Papers.

*Quisquis enim duros casus virtutis amare.
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemq; ducit, parabit.*
Virgil. in Fragm. de litteris.

L O N D O N,
Printed for E. Harris, at the Harrow in Little-Britain.
MDCXCX.



THE
Epistle Dedicatory.

TO THE
Lady Mary Charleton.

Madam,

THE Character you
bear every where of an
extraordinary Lady, has
A 3 brought

The Epistle Dedicatory.

brought this unhappy *Mendicant* a great many doleful Miles to throw himself at your Feet ; 'Tis true, between *New-Castle* and *London*, I presume, he might have some few Friends that would have taken him in and refresh'd him, but then Madam, he had still wanted some body to have sign'd his Pass, in order to make his Progress, thro' a stubborn Inhospitable World, a little more safe and easy.

This indeed it is, that has brought him into the *North*,
to

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to your Ladyship, and tho
he comes a stranger, unre-
commended, and with all
the disadvantages that may
be; yet still the fence he has
of your Ladyships Univer-
sal Charity, encourages him
to believe you will at least
examine his Credentials, be-
fore you order him to be
turn'd out of your Gate.

'Tis true Madam, he has
no great matters to pretend,
to bespeak your Compassi-
on, only a little Artless Mo-
desty and Innocence; and
both those Two are so un-

A 4

happily

The Epistle Dedicatory.

happily lulled, by this last Insolence, that if your Ladyships Goodness does not exert it self beyond the common Degree, he can expect little less than to be treated like a Sturdy Vagrant, and so whipt and sent back into his own Countrey:

But let the Success be what it will, the poor Wanderer is under a Necessity once more to take a melancholy Turn into the World: How far your Ladyship may be obliged to protect him, the Sequel of his Narrative must declare.

As

The Epistle Dedicatory.

As for my part, what I have done, is by his Direction, and truly I have the same Notion of it that he had, that your Vertue, Piety and Charity, that have render'd you for many Years the Ornament of your Sex, will all plead strongly for your acceptance of these few unworthy sheets, and engage you too to pardon him that has ventur'd to commend 'em to your Protection, who is with the most profound respect,

Good Madam,

Your Obedient Servant.

THE
P R E F A C E.
TO THE
R E A D E R.

THese few sheets might
have taken their chance
without the sanction of a
Pre-

To the Reader.

Preface, if the *Mendicants* unhappy Circumstances had not made it a proper Introduction to his future Progress.

He's doom'd to a second Pilgrimage in a dull Censorious uncharitable Age, upon which account, without doubt, he'll have need enough to be equipt with the utmost Caution ; and after all, I'm afraid too he'll find it far more difficult for him to wander the World in this Paper Dress, then in his Mendicant, Itinerant, Shepherds, or Monastick habit.

The

To the Reader.

The first great objection against him will be, that he's an absolute stranger, and comes into the World without the assistance of a Name, Place, or Recommendation; and so consequently may be an Impostor.

It must be granted that this is a very material Objection, and will inevitably be the occasion of a great many harsh Reflections; but for all that he resolves to submit to 'em all, rather than betray his own modesty, or be
the

To the Reader.

the cause of the least disreputation to his Family.

Indeed, for my own part, I cannot see any single Action, through all the Occurrences of his Life, that can any ways reflect upon himself or his Relations, upon which Account I should have been very glad, if it had fall'n within the compass of my directions, to have made his Name publick, but since I'm solemnly forbid that, I can do no less in his behalf, then let his Censurers know, 'tis in the Judgment of the most considerate

To the Reader.

derate part of Mankind, an Indication of ill manners or ill nature, if not both, to pry into a secret that's Industriously preserv'd.

The great Query of all will be, whether the matters here related are real matters of fact; and that they are so, I have as good proof as the Nature of the thing is capable of, and he that expects more, would do well to erect a new Scheme of Principles to direct us how to form our belief by; the whole Narrative is exactly of

To the Reader.

of a piece, all regular, natural and familiar, and withal confirm'd by such a multitude of concurring Circumstances, that in my sence he must be a Person that nothing will go down with, but flat Demonstrations that will object against it.

But after all, supposing the worst that can be, that the whole should be a well contriv'd Fable ; I can see no Reason, why the fabulous Life of a Vertuous Mendicant should not be as acceptable to the World as an
Eng-

To the Reader.

English Rogue, a *Gusman* *Lazerillo*, or any other *Romantick* History of Villanous Tricks, &c. I'm sure, there can be no reason given for that, unless it be that the present Age is grown more in Love with Vanity and Vice, then with Vertue and Sobriety.

There's enough to be said, if the thing requir'd it, to Vindicate this Unhappy Beggar from the suspicion of an Impostor but for that, I'll refer you to this and the succeeding parts of his Life,
a which

To the Reader.

which you need not question but to find gradually confirm'd, by the most Authentick Testimonies,

NO 64

THE

THE
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*Wherein by way of Introduction,
the Mendicant complains of the
Calamities of Humane Life, and
makes some short and general Re-
flections upon Charity.*

a 3 CHAP.

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C H A P. II.

He gives an Account of his Birth and Parentage, the Death of his Father and Mother, the hardships and Severities he met with in his Childhood, the Kindness of an Aunt, the Manner of his being sent to School, and from thence to Oxford, &c.

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C H A P.

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C H A P. IV.

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C H A P. V.

He gives a short Account of his Rencounter with his Landlords; writes a begging Copy of Verses, and a Letter to a Gentleman in the Town, who gives him Money to pay his Reckoning, and recommends him afterwards to a School.

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C H A P. VII.

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*stor, and the Mendicant Honour-
ably Acquitted.*

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ed*

The Contents.

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C H A P. X.

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C H A P.

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C H A P. XII.

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CHAP.

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CHAP. XIII.

The Mendicant makes Reflections upon his former and present Condition, and writes a long Letter of Advice to his Brother in London.

C H A P. XIV.

The Mendicant Writes another Letter to his Friend in London ; wherein he makes Passionate reflections upon the Town and Court, and gives a further account of a Shepherds Life.

C H A P.

The Contents.

C H A P. XV.

The Mendicant having left the Shepherd, goes to Shaftsbury, from whence he Writes several Letters, one to his Master, the Shepherd, another to Squire F--and a third to Capt---to whom he sends some short Essays upon the Calamities of Human Life, which he Writ upon the Downs, &c.

E S S A Y I.

Wherein he gives a Comprehensive Account of the General Calamities of Human Life.

E S-

The Contents.

ESSAY II.

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THE

*The Reader is desir'd in the first
Line of the 12d Chapter, for
87, to read 37. and for the rest
of the Errors, which are gene-
rally Literal, to correct, or par-
don 'em.*

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THE
Compleat Mendicant,
OR THE
Unhappy Beggar.

C H A P. I.

Wherein by way of Introduction the Mendicant complains of the Calamities of humane Life, and makes some short and general Reflections upon Charity.

BEside the Original Depravation and frailties of Nature, there are so many other Accidents and Misfortunes incorporated and twisted into the very Beings and Constitutions of Men, that indeed, the Custom *Euripides*
B pro-

2 *The Compleat Mendicant,*

proposes to the World seems to me the most just and reasonable, *i. e.* to lament those that are born, upon the account of the many Evils among which they enter at their Birth, but when they die, and rest from their Labours, to celebrate their Funerals with rejoicing and Praises; this the whole Nation of the *Thracians*, which justly challenge the praise of Wisdom, were wont to do, without being instructed by Teachers, but purely from their own Observation of the state and circumstances of Humane Life,

I need not borrow Instances (I think) to aggravate the Calamities that are incident to the Life of Man, the Case will appear evident enough from a short view into the present condition of the World; for considering how many there are that struggle through their Lives in perpetual toil and drudgery; how many that are oppressed with Slavery, harraß'd with Cruelty, pin'd with Want and Poverty, overwhelm'd with Shame and Infamy, and worn out and consum'd with constant Sorrow, Anxiety and Vexation, it must necessarily be allowed, that the greater part and generality of Mankind are but one bare remove at best from flat and substantial Misery.

'Tis

Or, *Unbappy Beggar.* 3

'Tis true indeed to most of these miserable ones, the Divine Providence indulges frequent Intervals of Ease and Satisfaction: Sweetens the bitter Cup now and then with some grateful Intermixtures, to make the nauseous Draught of Life go down a little the more easily; yet I dare say, whenever they compare their few Goods with their many Evils, their Fears, Crosses, and Disappointments, with their Successes, Hopes, and Enjoyments, they'll find the former much out-balance the latter in a great many Particulars.

Well, but my own woful Experiences shall not urge me into complaints, or a long Introduction. I must own indeed, that the Divine Wisdom foresaw that an equality of Conditions would naturally breed confusion and disorder in the World, and therefore without doubt it was that it design'd some for Honour and Riches, and others for Contempt and Poverty; but yet in this great Division, did not so inseparably dis-unite them, but that they should still have a mutual dependance, and consistence one upon another; every rich Man being God's Steward, and particularly intrusted to provide for the indigent parts of his Family, such as are the poor and needy; and his omissions in that Point,

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is not only a breach of his duty and trust, but withal, an Indication of his unthankfulness, falshood, and ingratitude.

God, who is the common Father, as well as Friend to Mankind, cannot be supposed to be so partial to provide for the Poms and Luxuries of some, and then leave the rest to languish under the want of necessaries convenient for the support of Life; and yet methinks if we look into the visible Portions of the Poor and Rich (according to the present practice of the World) we can perceive very little to the contrary.

I must confess the thoughts of this has been my sad Companion through my whole Pilgrimage, and truly 'tis a Subject fit for the wonder and Sorrow of any considering Man, that one part of the World should be revelling and gluttonizing, whilst another is languishing thro' Want and Indigence, and the gripings, and pressures of downright Hunger, and Necessity.

Iudeed I have been amazed to see with what indifferency and satisfaction some of our wealthy Cormorants have beheld their own humane Nature pining and starving in the Person of their poor Brother, tho' at the same time perhaps they have been burthen'd

Or, Unhappy Beggar. 5

burthen'd with an Excess of another kind,
and might be relieved against both by a
more equal distribution.

However, for my own part, I must acknowledge it would be ungrateful in me to make reflections; I have lived already more than twenty Years upon the common Stock, I mean by the help of my Begging Talent, I have made a doleful Passage through the World; the manner and Circumstances I intend to relate at large in the following Sheets.

C H A P. II.

In which he gives an Account of his Birth and Parentage, the death of his Father and Mother, with the severities and hardships he met with in his Childhood, the kindness of his Aunt, the manner of his being sent to School, and from thence to Oxford, &c.

I was born in the year 87. my Father was a Gentleman of a considerable Fortune and Figure in his Country, having been twice honoured by King Charles the First with the Character of Envoy Extraordinary to two Foreign Courts, and as I have been often told, behav'd himself not only with a great deal of Prudence and Sincerity in his Negotiations abroad, but likewise acquitted himself like a true *English* Gentleman, in the Station of a Justice of the Peace, and Deputy-Lieutenant of his County.

He

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 7

He was a Member in the long Parliament, and when he saw the Affairs in the House of Commons inclining apace towards Rebellion, &c. with several other Loyal Gentlemen, he entered his Protest against their Proceedings, and retir'd into the Country, where he continued till the unhappy Tumults broke out, and then as an early Instance of his Fidelity to his Loyal Master, rais'd a Troop of Horse at his own Charge.

Not long after, the King was pleased to give him a Regiment of Foot, and appoint him Governour of a Town in the *West of England*, which he defended to the last Extremity; but being, through the want of Provisions, or rather by the Treachery of some of the Officers in the Garrison, which the Parliament had Brib'd to betray him, forc'd to surrender the Place upon Discretion, he was immediately made a Prisoner of War, and soon after tryed by a Court Martial, and sentenced to be shot to Death; however, by the friendship of his Keeper, with the help of a Womans Habit, he made his Escape the Night before his Execution, and got beyond Sea, where he continued till King *Charles the Second* made his Attempt at *Worcester*, and there amongst a great

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many other brave Men. he had the Misfortune to be wounded by a Musket-Shot in the Shoulder, of which he died within two or three days after, but first got the following Letter conveyed to my Mother, the Particulars of which for secret causes I have set down at large.

Coll. — Letter to his Lady, &c.

My Dear,

B*T the Assistance of the Honest Bearer, I have got an Opportunity to give you a short account of our Misfortunes: Our whole Army is intirely routed and dispersed, and what's become of the King I cannot learn; I pray God deliver him out of the hands of the Rebels; as to my own part, I have received a scurvy Wound by a Musket-Shot in my Left Shoulder, which the Surgeon tells me is Mortal; whether it be or not, is no great matter, for it seems they have discovered who I am, and if I should recover of my Wounds, are resolved to take me off afterwards. Well, My Dear, I have a good Cause, and a Gracious God, and so am no otherwise affected for the Loss of my Life,*
shan

Or, Unhappy Beggar. 9

than as it relates to you, and my poor Children. I would advise you if I could, which way to manage your self in this perplexed State, but alas! my Circumstances are all so entangled, that I know not where to begin; beside the anguish of my Wound at present is so very great, that I am hardly able to support my self under it. I know, my Dear, your Loyalty will dissuade you against Immoderate Grief, and then your Vertue and Conduct in our long Separation has superseded even the necessity of advising you, with regard to your Family. As for poor Peregrine (for that's the name I intend to pass under here) if your Circumstances will permit, and his own Genius incline him to it, I would have him bred a Schollar, he may live to see the World mended, and be an Instrument to repair the Ruins of his Family. Commend me earnestly to all my Friends, and let my Children know their Father sends them his Blessing. I am, my Dear, till we meet again either in this or the next World, affectionately thine. Adieu.

About two days after came a Messenger from the Governour of Worcester to my Mother with the heavy News of my Father's Death, and withal, that he had obtained a Grant for her to bury him
where

where she pleased. My Mother receiv'd the Message(as I have been told) with a Resolution and Courage beyond the common behaviour of her Sex, and instead of breaking out into passionate Exclamations, and Reflections, which she knew would be of no use at that time of day.

Immediately dispatches away a Servant, with a Neighbour or two, and a Hearse, who brought him home, and the Night following he was buried privately in a Vault amongst his Ancestors.

The Death of my Father was but (in some respects) a Preludium to the rest of my Misfortunes, for in less than a Month, by an Order of State, all we had was seized upon, and my Mother, with four Children, forced out of her House to seek Shelter and Relief, where she could find it; the Creditors to mend the matter, put in their Claims too, so that in a short time all was Sold and tore to pieces.

Neither did my Misfortunes stop here, for my Mother being deprived of her Country Habitation, thought *London* might be the fittest place to fix upon some method for a Livelihood; but there we had not been, to the best of my Remembrance, above six Weeks, before my Sister Sickens
of

of the Small-Pox, and dies. my youngest Brother dies about ten days after of the same Distemper, and my Mother the very Week following, and truly if it had not been for the extraordinary Care, and Charity of an Excellent Woman, in whose House we Lodged, my Brother and I had both Perished with the rest.

Here I begun to have a small Sence of our Condition, and accordingly got a Friend to instruct me how I might best recommend it to an Aunt I had in the Country, who no sooner heard of it, but indeed pittied us, and sent for us home to her House, and to speak the Truth, used us both with a Tenderness and Compassion, not very common in such cases.

This good Aunt sent us to School, and though my Master was none of the best, yet with his Assistance, and my own Industry, in two Years time I became so far a Proficient in the *Latine* Tongue, that with the help of a Dictionary, I could Construe some Verses in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, and Translate a Dialogue in *Erasmus*, and turn an easie Sentence into *Latin*, and make a lame Verse, &c.

My Master himself had never been at any University, but was a young Gentleman that had spent his Fortune in the
King's

King's Service, and so was forc'd to shelter himself under the Character of a Pædagogue, to be secure from the Suspicion of the State, and to get a poor Livelihood; but yet I must needs do him this Justice, that he acquitted himself to me so much like a Friend as well as a Master, and bestowed so much of his time and pains upon me, that I have reason to believe, that the best Tutor in the Kingdom could not have improv'd me more in so short a time.

I was now in my sixteenth year, and my Aunt considering that her Age and her Infirmities together might consequently call her off before she had any ways fixt me in a Capacity to shift for my self, resolves with all the Expedition that could be, to send me to *Oxford*, and get me admitted into one of the Colledges as a Servitor.

This was was not long under debate, but an opportunity offer'd it self, that indeed was of considerable Advantage to me. Sir *Alexander* — an eminent Cavalier, notwithstanding the present Disturbances and Corruptions of the University, resolves to send his Son to *Christ-Church* for a Year or two, and withal, at the request of my Aunt, condescended that

that I should attend upon him as his Servitor, and that he would pay my Tutor, and allow me a Competency to supply me with Commons, &c. according to the custom of the Colledge.

This Proposal squar'd exactly with my Aunts Design in every particular; for though she was a Gentlewoman of as good a Family as most in *England*, and had formerly been the Mistress of a very plentiful Fortune, yet the Wars, and the Sequestrators together, had reduc'd her to a poor Annuity of Fifty Pound *per Annum*, which, with all her Prudence and Conduct, was but just enough for the support of her Family; however, upon Sir *Alexander's* motion, she strain'd a Point, and equipt me out very decently and gentilely for the University, and withal did me the favour to accompany me thither, to see me conveniently fix'd in the Colledge.

I had not been there long, but I perceiv'd, to my great dissatisfaction and concern, my want of Shool Education, and would often reflect upon what I had heard Dr. *Hammond* tell my Mother (who did her now and then the Honour to come and condole with her in the absence of my Father) *i. e.* That if she intended

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tended me for the University, she ought to take particular Care to provide me with a Master that was qualified to instruct me in the grounds and principles of Learning, before she should suffer me to be admitted; that (says he) will make his future Studies easie, and delightful, and will be sure to stick fast to him to the End of his Life; I found my self sadly at a Loss in that Particular, and was so much affected to see my Fellow-Pupils run through their several Exercises with a great deal of Freedom and pleasantness, whilst I was forc'd to labour and tug for every thing I did; that I was once resolv'd to quit my Pretensions, and return to my Aunt, and request her to put me to some other Business that I was better qualified to go on with.

But my Tutor, that had a singular kindness for me, soon perceiv'd how cases stood, and accordingly one Evening, after he had finish'd his Readings, &c. he dismisses the rest, and orders me to stay behind in his Chamber; Young Man (says he) I find you have had a very ill Schoolmaster, and I am satisfied both by your Looks and Actions you are sensible of your own Insufficiency, but come, don't despair, you have Youth and Parts,
and

and those in Conjunction with your Industry, and good Instruction, will soon make up your other defects.

The first thing, I think, he enjoy'd me, was the Translation of one of the hardest Colloquies in *Erasmus*, the next a Satyr out of *Juvenal*, and then some Odes from *Horace*, and withal confin'd me to a large part in the *Greek Grammar* every Morning ; but then, what was the greatest advantage of all, he was pleas'd to allow me a Study in his own Chamber, and would not fail twice a day at least to spend half an hour in giving me particular directions and advice, by which means, in less than a year, I found my self so well Improv'd, that I was able to go through with my business with as much ease and satisfaction as the best of Companions.

But this happy Condition did not last long before Fortune begins again to play the Jilt with me ; my Aunt dies, and what was worse, her Sickness was so sudden and violent, that she had no time to make her Will, and so all she had fell in course to a Fanatical Sister, that always mortally hated our Family, upon the Account of their Loyalty, and me for their Sakes. My
Master

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Master removes from the University to the Inns of Court, and what was as great disappointment to me as either, my worthy Tutor leaves the University, in order to Travel with a young Nobleman into *Italy*.

Here I am all unravell'd again left friendless and desolate, and to aggravate my Misfortunes too, lay under the Character and suspicion of being disaffected to the Common-Wealth of *England* (as they call'd it) and what to do in this hard conjuncture I could not determine; sometimes I resolv'd to go into my own Country, to try if I had any Friends left there, at other times I propose to follow my Master to *London*, and see how the Waters would move in that part of the World; anon I conclude to represent my Condition to the Colledge, and throw myself upon the Charity of the House; but after all, from a few second thoughts I found there was little good to be expected from either of these. So that in short I thought there was no remedy left, but I must e'en venture to commit my self to the Mercy of my cruel Step-mother, Fortune.

This Resolution (tho' twas the worst) carried the Cause against all the rest; and
now

now my next business was to equip my self with materials fit for a Pedegri-
nation ; my Books and other Equipage must be Sold in Course, and indeed I was not long in making my Markets. I think, as near as I can remember, all I could get for the whole, was not above fifty Shillings, the better part of which I laid out in some Travelling Necessaries, and spent together in taking leave of my Acquaintance.

C.

CHAP.

CAAP. III.

Wherein he gives an Account of his leaving the University, and recites a short Copy of Verses he writ at his Departure, with his Adventures with a Mountebank, &c.

HAVING disposed of my Moveables, and furnisht my self with some few Necessaries, which I thought were most convenient for a Pilgrimage. *i. e.* An Ink-horn, a Pen-knife, a Quire of Paper, Wafers, and a Satchel to carry my little Equipage, and Itinerant Library, which was only a Shirt, two or three Bands, and Handkerchiefs, and a pair of Stockings, an old *Horace*, and a *Virgil*, a *Terence*, and an *Erasmus*, a *Greek Testament*, a *Greek and Latin Grammar*, and a *Common-Prayer Book*, &c. About Seven a Clock, the tenth of March, in the Year Fifty six, with a heavy Heart, and abundance of Tears and Complaints I left Oxford, steering my Course directly over *Magdalen's Bridge*, in order (as I then thought) to make the best of my Way to *Cambridge*.

I had hardly reach'd *Headington-Hill*, but I was seiz'd with a deep and profound Melancholy; the Thoughts of my former Misfortunes, with my present hard Circumstances, fall upon me at once; and truly the Reflection of what I had already underwent, and the certain Prospect of future Trouble and Misery, together with the peircing Aggravations I was under for the Loss of my University Life, and the opportunity of improving my self in my Studies, the Two only things that hard Fortune had left me, which I thought worth either my owning, or regard, put me into such an Agony and Disorder, that I was forc'd to betake me to the shelter of an Hedge, and rest a little before I could recollect my self.

Having, though with some difficulty, at length overcome this melancholy Transport, I made up to the Top of the Hill, from whence I took my last View of beloved Oxford, and upon the Stone where the Scholars usually perform the Ceremony of *Seasoning their Fresh Men*, I sat down again, and writ the following Verses.

*Farewel dear Oxford; but since we must part,
Here take the sad remainder of my heart,*

20 *The Compleat Mendicant,*

*'Tis all thy wretched Son has now to give,
A broken heart's his Sole Perogative.
Hard fate before had me of Friends depriv'd,
And yet methoughts in you they all reviv'd,
You were my Friend, my Mother, nay, my
Wife,*

*Whom once, I hop'd, I'd wedded for my life :
Oh, pity me, for could I let you know,
With what a strange unwillingness I go,
You'd think'twas hard that fate shou'd fitt
me so.*

*I know not what I am, since our divorce,
All my whole frame is Jumbld out of course,
The World's a Wilderness, Men are the
Beasts of Prey,
And seem to me more Rude, and Wilder far
than they.*

I had went on with my Melancholly
Rythms a little further, I believe, if I had
not discover'd a Traveller pass by me,
that from his Garb and Aspect I judg'd,
might be in some respects under my own
Predicament. In short, I took up my
satchel and made all the speed I cou'd in
order to recover him, and (tho' I found
he was much a better Footman than I
was) after a hard stretch at the Brow
of Shot-over Hill, I came up with
him.

After

After we had exchange'd the common Complements of well overtaken and well come Sir, the next thing in course was, whither are you bound, and upon what expedition? I told him the very truth, that I was an unfortunate Schollar that had met with abundance of Disappointments and Cross Accidents, and for want of longer subsistence, was forc'd to leave the University to try if I could find out some way that might Entitle me to a poor Livelyhood, and that I intended to wander the Countrey till I could be so happy to fix my self in such a condition, and moreover, that I had some Notion of making *Cambridge* in my way.

His Answer was much of the same Nature with mine, and indeed, as he represented his Circumstances, at first sight they look'd very near a-kin, he told me he was a Doctor of Physick, that by a Complication of malicious and adverse fortune, had been unluckily bandied about the World from his Childhood; and, what was worst of all, he had had the ill fate lately to loose his Horse, and was now upon a hard march to *London*, to try if he could raise Money among his Friends and Relations, to equip him with another.

His Candid Relation, I confess, affected me extreamly, and indeed in a great measure took off the Edge, and abated the Severity of my Reflections upon my own Condition. I began to think that Providence had thrown me into the Company of this unhappyy Stranger, purpose-ly to let me know that there were other Persons in the World as unfortunate as my self; and truly to see with what chearfulness and fortitude he seem'd to bear up under his pretended Distress, I thought did severely Check and reprimand my present querulity and despondence.

I quoted the old Verse to him; *Solamen miseris Socios habuisse doloris.* And he replied to me again out of Mr. Chaucer.

*'Tis vain to Sigh, and make great Moan,
For there is help, or there is none.*

And thus in a mutual Condolement of each others Misfortunes, we trudg'd on till we came to *Wheatly*, a little Country Town about four Miles from Oxford.

Here

Here my new Companion would needs stop and drink, and withal told me that at a Bridge about half a Mile off, the Road divided, and if I held my Resolution for Cambridge, we must consequently separate; but come, (says he) since we are so luckily met, and our Circumstances and Tempers square so naturally, 'tis pity methinks we should part so soon, and therefore wee'll e'en cast lots whether you shall take my way, or I yours.

This was no sooner proposed but agreed upon, and the Lot determin'd him to go my way, which he very willingly comply'd with, but first (says he) I think it will not be much amiss to let the Town know what Profession I am of, perhaps I may raise three or four Shillings to defray the Travelling Charge.

This I must confess did a little surprise me; I could by no means imagine how a Doctor of Physick could propose the raising three or four Shillings in a strange Place in an hour or two, which was the longest Stay we could pretend to; but for my better Satisfaction he soon pulls off his Budget, and exposes a mixture of Pills, Powders, and Plaisters, with a bundle of Printed Papers,

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some of which he immediately delivers to a Runner to be conveniently scatter'd and dispers'd about the Town.

Here I soon perceiv'd that my Doctor of Physick was nothing else in plain *English* but a downright Mountebank, and began now to be as uneasie, and disturb'd with his Company, as I was before pleased and rejoic'd in it : However, I thought my self in point of Honour and Promise, oblig'd to abide our first Resolution, and so resolv'd to Travel with him a Day or two, till I could find out a handsome Pretence to shake him off.

In less than an Hour his Bills had wrought so effectually that the Room where we sat was crowded with Men, Women, and Children, and truly notwithstanding the heavy and pressing Thoughts and Apprehensions that hung upon me, I could not forbear smiling now and then to hear with what profound Nonsense and Impertinence this worthy Doctor entertain'd the Spectators.

Sometimes he would cajole 'em with the strange, and almost Blasphemous Relation of the most miraculous Cures and Operations he had perform'd, and
the

the better to incline them to Credit his Report, he shews them several artificial Cancers, Wenns, Stones, &c. At other times he imposes upon 'em the wonders of his Travels, and the foreign names of abundance of Emperours, Kings, and Potentates that he pretended had honoured him with their Letters, and Recommendations; in short, by his hard words, his Legerdemain Tricks, and impudent Pretences together, he impos'd himself so far upon the Credulity of the foolish People, that there was few went off without buying some of his Paultry Medicines.

C A A P. IV.

In which he gives a further account of his Travels with the Mountebank, who discovers to him the secrets of their Art; they straggle into Bedfordshire together, where he Robbs him at an Alehouse, and then leaves him in Pawn for the Reckoning, &c.

A Bout Twelve a Clock the Doctor makes up his Budget, having disposed of as many of his Pills, &c. (as he told me) he had receiv'd twelve Shillings and four-pence for, and so we discharged the Reckoning, and set forward for Tame, which was the Place we had before agreed upon to Lodge at that Night.

Upon our March I ask'd him several Questions, but more especially concerning his knowledge in Physick, and Chirurgery, and how, and where he acquir'd it. I found indeed that these kind
of

of Interrogations were something ungrateful at first; however after a little pausing, and hesitation, he gave me the following short and Comprehensive Account.

Young Gentleman, says he, I find you very Inquisitive to know the secrets of my Qualifications, those are Secrets we do not often, and indeed we ought not to discover to any body; but because you shall see how willing I am to oblige and divert you, I'll tell you as much of the matter as is convenient, or perhaps you may expect.

In short then, I am one of those that the World calls Mountebanks, and truly but a young Practitioner neither, having not been set up for my self above three Months at most; as for your University Learning I don't pretend to it, nor, to tell you the Truth, much regard it; Our Business, and our Profit too, depends chiefly upon our vending our Pills, Balsams, Powders, &c. and for that we have a common form; as to our Chirurgery, and Manual Operations, we have very few but the meaner sort of People to deal with, and those we venture upon right or wrong; if we
happen

happen to Cure 'em, we get Money and Reputation, and dont spare to magnifie our Success, if we kill 'em, we have ways enough to bring our Selves off, and so there is no danger in it at worst.

Here I could not forbear interrupting him. Sir, says I, are the Lives of your Fellow-Christians so inconsiderable to you, that you dare venture to trifle 'em away upon every slight occasion; if I mistake not, this is a sort of deliberate way of committing Murther, and that so enhances and heightens the Sin, that renders it not only without Measure, but almost without Pardon.

What strain of wonder and amazement can bear proportion with the desperate Wickedness of Men, that can thus knowingly, and consideringly rush themselves upon such an unaccountable undertaking, and of what a Crimson Colour must that Soul appear before the great Tribunal, that is thus dyed with a continual repetition of Innocent Blood.

My Companion was a little startled to hear me reflect so hard upon his Profession, and made several frivolous pretences to acquit himself of the Charge, and indeed, I had some difficulty before

Or, Unhappy Beggar. 29

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I could perswade him to go on with his Relation; however, after he had walkt himself a little off the Remembrance of what I had said, he proceeds.

Sir, I find you are very angry with our Chirurgical Proceedings; for my own part, I have never had any occasion to make use of them; but if I had, notwithstanding the Severity of your Allegations, I believe I should be ready enough to venture; and truly I can see no Reason (with Submission to your Religious Punctilio's) why every Man should not make the most of his Practice.

I would willingly have reprimanded him here too, if I had not been apprehensive that it would consequently have deterr'd him from finishing his Account, and so I only askt him, that since he had never been concern'd in any Manual Operations, how he came by those Cancers, Wens, &c. which he expos'd at Wheatly.

Here he was a little at a stand again: In fine, (says he) You have a strong Inclination to know the depth of our Art, for once I'll gratifie your Curiosity, and tell you the whole. As to this Wen, and Cancered Breast which you saw,
I must

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I must own they are only Counterfeits, which I borrow'd of one of our Fraternity; but notwithstanding, they serve the purposes for which they are intended, i. e. To amuse, and impose upon the People, as well as if they were real.

These are of considerable use and advantage to us in several Respects, but especially upon the Stage, where we not only expose 'em to the publick View, but sometimes fix them to the Bodies of indigent Persons, which we hire upon such occasions, and then cut them off again with as much Formality, Dexterity, and Caution, as if they were Natural.

We draw Teeth after the same Method, and indeed, the generality of the great Cures and Performances which we make such Boasts and Acclamations of, are meer Cheats and Delusions, and for our Medicines, we have them by a sort of Tradition one from another, and in the main, do all use the very same.

The gross of our Pills is nothing else but Horse-Aloes, which we sometimes intermix with the Courser sort of Rosin of Jallop, and make up in Liquorice-Powder; our Balsams are generally made of Hogs-Lard, and Bees Wax, tinctur'd with some sorts of Oyls to give 'em a different Colour; our Plaisters are the same, with the addition

tion of Burgamy Pitch, or Rosin, to make them draw and stick ; our Powder for the Worms is commonly Powder of Past, and that for the Teeth, Powder of Tobacco-Pipes, and these we make up proportionably into small Parcels, and wrap one of each into a Bill of Directions, and sell for Twelve-pence or Sixpence, according as we find our Markets will best bear.

This Relation seem'd so Ingenious and Candid, that I began to have a little better Opinion of my Fellow-Traveller ; I begun to believe that he was some unfortunate Gentleman that was forc'd to take up with this scandalous Profession for want of a Maintenance ; however, I was resolv'd to sound him to the bottom, and therefore desired him to let me know from whence he deriv'd his Knowledge of these occult Mysteries.

Indeed he would with all his Heart have evaded an Answer to this, but truly I press'd him so very hard, that at last he told me, he had been several Years a Servant to one of the first *Englishmen* that Travell'd the Country under the Character of a Mountebank ; and that he had been assistant to him both in his Chamber,

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Chamber, and upon the Stage (as I learnt afterwards he had been his *Merry-Andrew*) that he had spoke his Pacquets (as he Phrased it) and helpt him to make up his Compositions, and so from the general, and particular Observations he had made, he thought he had gain'd Experience enough to qualify him to set up for himself; and moreover, he told me he was so well satisfied in his own Perfections, and in the advantages that were consequent to the Employ, that if he were but once able to raise Money to keep some Attendance, and build a Stage or two, he did not question but in a short time he should be able to keep his Coach and Four as well as the best of 'em.

By this time we were come within half a Mile of *Thame*, and now the next motion was where to Lodge; being both strangers, we were resolv'd to strike into the first Substantial Inn we came at, as near as I remember, 'twas the *Five Bells*, where indeed we had very Comfortable Accommodations in all Respects.

The next day being Market-day, the Doctor was resolv'd to go out with his Pacquets, and accordingly had a Stool fixt in a convenient place where he could best mount to make his Harangue to the

the People, but this, notwithstanding 'twas a publick day, did not prove so successful as *Wheatly*, it seems the place (as he call'd it) was too young; his meaning was, there had been one of the same Profession too lately there, and so there was no good to be done.

We went from hence to *Alesbury*, where we staid the Night following, and the next day came to *Leighton Buzard*, in *Bedfordshire*, the Doctor still exposing his Pacquets at every Town we stopt at, but with very little success; this Scurvy Brother that had rang'd the Country before him, had spoil'd all.

Well, there was no good to be done at *Leighton* neither, and so my Camerade concludes to lay aside his pretensions for the present, and make the best of his way to *London*, and accordingly told me he would go and send his Satchel with the Carrier, which of a sudden was grown too heavy for him, and then come and drink a parting Cup, and take a Solemn Farewel of me.

Having travelled together for three or four days with the greatest Freedom and Familiarity, I could not suspect that he could have any Design to betray me at last, but finding him stay longer than ordinary, I began to be a little Jealous that

D after

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after all the Doctor had dropt me. To make short of the matter, I got out of Bed where he left me, and from a very small Enquiry, found that he had both pickt my Pocket, and rifled my Satchel, and what was worse, left me in Pawn for the Reckoning too.

This I thought was a Misfortune, at least equal to any of my former. I was wrackt at once with a Thousand dismal terrors, and apprehensions, and that which tormented me most of all, was, how to dis-entangle my self from the Scurvy Ale-house; sometimes I think upon one Expedient, and sometimes upon another, at last I conclude, Honesty was the best Policy, and the safest way to bring me off, and therefore resolve to declare my Condition to my Landlady, and commit my self intirely to her Charity.

C H A P. V.

Wherein he gives a short Account of his Rencontre with his Landlady, writes a begging Copy of Verses, and a Letter to a Gentleman in the Town, who gives him Money to pay his Reckoning, and recommends him afterwards to a School, &c.

PURsuant to my former Resolution, after I had put on my Cloaths, with a great deal of trembling and consternation, I call'd for my Landlady, and began to give her a doleful Relation of my Condition : she heard me with some kind of Patience and Pitty at first ; but when I came to that part of it which related to the Reckoning, she grew in a Instant so outrageous and violent, that I cannot fancy any thing in Nature so cruel and brutish. The best word I could get from her was Rogue, Thief, Cheat, and Villain

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lain, and no punishment less than hanging, or *Bridewel*, was bad enough for me. I offer'd her all the Equipage and Books my worthy Companion had left me, but all would not do, the Books she said were of no use to her, beside, they were Latine, and might be Popery for what she knew, and so she would not entertain 'em.

Nothing would serve but I should be lockt up in my Room till her Husband came home to get a Warrant to carry me before a Justice of Peace; and indeed there was no Remedy but I must endure this hard Sentence; however, I had the opportunity of conversing with the Maid in the Interim, that, as good Fortune would have it, was washing in the Yard, directly under the Window, who told me very Compassionately upon the Recital of my Condition, that there was a worthy Gentleman in Town, that in all probability would take Pity of me, and that if I would write a Letter she'd find a method to get it convey'd to him.

This honest Motion I lik'd extreamly, and truly as Cases stood, I thought 'twas the best Expedient my unhappy Circumstances would admit of. I must confess indeed

or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 37

indeed that I had a very sharp Conflict with my self before I could so far vanquish my Modesty to settle my Resolutions in that Point, and then too I was as much confounded and disturb'd to think what Method and Terms were most suitable to recommend me, with the greatest Innocence and Advantage; but this was not long under debate, but the Muse steps in, and offers her Assistance, and indeed I accepted of it, under the notion that the Relation of my Circumstances in a short Copy of Verses might be something out of the Road of Common Begging, and so to work I went, and wrote what follows.

*From an unhappy Wand'rer in Distress ;
Accept, and pardon Sir, this bold Address ;
Believe him, 'tis a rigid Turn of Fate,
Has brought the wretched Pilgrim to your
Gate,*

*Ob pity him, for 'tis the only time
He e're was known to beg Relief in Rhyme.*

*But Peace base Filt, to urge me on for-
bear ;*

*Wouldst thou betray me now, in my despair ?
Canst thou than this no better way contrive
To keep thy poor distressed Friend alive ?*

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No, let him die, for that's a less offence,
Than to incline him thus to Insolence.

Besides, already to my Cost I know,
That humane Life is so expos'd to Woe,
That it can ne'r requite the Pain I'm at,
To forster up the Sickly, peevish brat;
I see, that after all that I can do,
Still Grief and Pain, and Secret Ills pursue.

But yet methinks before my Journey's end,
'Tis strange if my hard Fate should not
unbend;

Life's but a Lottery, and one good Cast,
Makes some amends for all the bad ones
past:

In spight of Fate there must be some Reserve,

Then sure 'tis hard in th' interim I should
starve.

Haste then my Muse to yonder happy place,
And humbly there plead thy poor Master's
Case.

Shew him where he in deep Confusion stands,
Hanging his Head, and lifting up his
Hands;

Blaming the Cause that brought both him
and thee,

Thus to transgress the Rules of Modesty.

Then

Or, Unhappy Beggar. 39

Then for these Rhymes I charge you there be
Just ;

Own 'twas your fault, for you provok't me
First ;

And after this —

If you perceive no pardon nor relief,
Bring the sad news, and to conclude our grief,
Tow to your hill, I'll to some cave retire,
First mourn my rigid State, then Hermit like
expire.

Upon the back side of the verses I writ
this Letter which I thought would be
necessary to give a further account of my
Condition, &c.

S I R,

This Poeta de tristibus, is a Poor unfor-
tunate young Man, that a Conjunction
of Cross and Malicious accidents have cast
upon your Coast, where for want of sub-
sistence (like a Person after a shipwrack)
he's forc'd to seek relief from the inhabitants
of the place.

How he fell into this foolish vein of
Rhyming he can give no Account, unless
it be that his present extremity (like one
that was wakn'd by the out-cry of fire) forc'd
him to do something for Relief, and the

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Muse that was always ready enough to be meddling upon other occasions, would needs persuade me now, that this was a little foreign to the ordinary methods of downright Mumping.

As for the profound dullness and flatness of my Verse, there's enough to be said if the thing requir'd it. Poetry and Poverty, tho' they are too commonly convertible terms, yet indeed, they are very Improper Companions. A Poet in distress is seldom known to write good Verses: Ovid himself, that was the greatest Wit of the Age he liv'd in, looseth most of his Natural Temper and Genius in his Banishment; there's a strange difference between his *nec Jovis ira nec Ignis*, the Flights and Raptures of his *Metamorphosis*, and his *Hei mihi quod Domino*, in his *de tristibus*. And Tully too complains passionately of the disturbance of his mind, and charges the roughness of his Stile upon the depression of Spirits he writ under.

But Sir, all this is very little to the purpose, I wish it were as easie to excuse the Insolence of this trouble, as it is to plead for a Person that writes bad Verses under my Circumstances; in this particular I have nothing at all to say, but am forc'd to acknowledge my own guilt, and throw my self intirely

Or, Unhappy Beggar. 41

thely upon your mercy. 'Tis true, 'tis a violent necessity that has urg'd me upon this ungrateful expedient, and that I hope, in Conjunction with your own Charity and Compassion, will interpose a little for this unfortunate stranger, that with all the distance and submission that can be, Subscribes himself, your Obedient Servant,

Peregrine.

After I had finish'd my Letter and the Verses, upon the second reading I thought them so flat and dull, that I had much a do to forbear tearing 'em in Pieces; however upon the Importunity of the Maid, I Seal'd 'em up, and Subscrib'd 'em, and then deliver'd 'em to her, who according to her promise got 'em instantly Convey'd to the Gentleman.

But certainly, never Mortal was in a deeper perplexity for the success of an adventure than I was, but whilst I was sadly Ruminating upon the consequence of what I had done, up comes my Landlady, and with some sort of Jealousy and Concern, told me there was Squire——Footman below wanted to speak with me, and if I pleas'd, I might go down and talk with him, who told me if I was the

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the Person that sent the Letter to his Master, he was order'd to desire me to come to the House as soon as I could.

The Boy having deliver'd his message and receiv'd my Answer that I would wait upon him, Immediately returns; and now the next thing to be done was to Compound with my Landlady; who by no means would permit me out of her Doors, without a sufficient Pledge for her reckoning. I offer'd her again all I had, but just the very Cloaths of my back, for security.

But all would not do, my Books were but trifles to her, unless I had something of Real value to deposit; let who would send for me, she'd keep me till she had her reckoning, which after all this Noise and Combustion was but Poor four and nine pence.

To make short of the matter, I was forc'd to go to my Chamber and strip off my shirt, and leave her that, with every thing else that I had, before she'd suffer me to move; but just as I was marching out a doors, in comes my Landlord, and supposing I was going quite away, would needs force me back to take his Flagon at parting.

We

We were no sooner come in, but his Wife, with a great many Falshoods and Aggravations, gave him the account of our whole Transactions ; but truly the man was so far from joining with her Barbarity, that when she came to speak of the shirt, I had enough to do to prevent him from falling fowl upon her, however he forc't her immediately to bring me all my things again, and told me he would freely take my word for what was owing, and withal earnestly requested me not to make any Reflections upon his Wife's uncivility and cruelty to me.

Having put my shift on again, and committed my satchel to the Custody of the maid, I went directly to the Gentlemen's House, who sent for me into his Parlour, where he was playing a Game at Gleek with his Lady and her Mother. He ask'd me several Questions, and indeed I gave him a general Account of my Misfortunes, which I observ'd did very sensibly affect 'em all, but more especially the Old Lady.

They presently order'd a Servant to shew me into the Pantry, and give me some Viſuals, and sent me a bottle of Wine. Whilst I was eating, the good Old Gentlewoman came to me, and with

a Tenderness and Respect beyond what I could imagine, told me, with Tears in her Eyes, *She Knew my Father Personally, and all his Family; and was heartily sorry these unhappy Times had reduc'd her to such a low Ebb, that she could not do for me as she would.* After all the Expressions of a most Compassionate good Woman, and a great many Sweet and Innocent Apologies for the meanness of the present, she gave me half a *Jacobus*, and then left me to finish my Dinner.

As soon as I had Din'd, I was conducted back to the Parlour, where the Gentleman was Writing me a Letter of Recommendation to a Clergy-man in *Northampton-shire*, that he had accidentally heard enquiring for a Person to assist him in his School; the purport of the Letter was, that I was a Young Gentleman of a good Family, that the common calamity had reduc'd to extremity, and if he found me qualify'd for his purpose, he'd engage for my Integrity, &c.

With the Letter, he gave me Ten Shillings, and his Lady a Crown, together with a great deal of Friendly, and, I may say, Fatherly Advice, and Admonitions, and what was more, gave me his Word that if ever it should please God to restore the

the King, he would take particular Care to have him inform'd of the hardships and sufferings of my self and Family.

I could not tell what return to make for these Favours, and truly had much to do to contain my self from openly betraying the Weaknesses and Frailties of my Nature; indeed, I did make a shift to bear up till I had taken my Leave, which I am still jealous of, was not so solemn and decent as it ought to have been upon such an extraordinary Occasion.

Being thus refresh'd and reliev'd, I went back to my Alehouse, and discharg'd my Reckoning, which so softned my Landlady, that nothing now was good enough for me. I soon perceiv'd my Landlord was an honest Cavalier, and after a little further talk and Enquiry, I found what he had been a Serjeant in the Regiment my Father was Collonel of. When I told him that, I never saw any Person in such a violent Transport, I could hardly force him from returning me my Money, whether I would or not, and beating his Wife for but seeming to refuse it. The poor Man was so strangely affected, that he hardly knew what he said or did, but at length

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length coming to himself, he entertain'd me through the whole Evening, with several remarkable passages of the Wars, and particulars of my Father's Life, which I had never before heard of.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

He Travels towards Northampton, Encounters an Itinerant Parson upon the Road, who instructs him in several of the Secrets and Mysteries of Begging, and then wheedles him to join with him, &c.

Early next Morning I got up, and having made the Maid some small acknowledgments for her Civility, and discharged the House, I set forward towards *Northampton*; my Landlord walk'd with me as far as *Brickill*, where he treated me with the best the Town would afford, and gave me a Token to drink with one of his Acquaintance, that had formerly been a Quarter-Master to my Father, and now kept an Inn upon the Road.

'Twas about twelve or one before my Landlord and I parted, so that that Night I went no further then *Newport-Pannel*. I lay at the *George*, which was the

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the only House in the Town, where the King's Party frequented, and by virtue of a private Token I had to the Master, I was Conducted into a Room, where a Society of Loyal Gentlemen constantly met two or three times a Week to read the News, and make their Observations and Reflections upon the present Posture of the World.

I must confess there was one thing even in this most delectable Company, that render'd it a little ungrateful, I mean their common Custom of hard drinking. This was indeed too much the general Practice of those unhappy times, which I find since very sharply and pathetically reflected upon by one of the greatest Masters that ever adorn'd our *English Nation*, i. e. the Author of the *Whole duty of Man*, in his Preface to his *Gentleman's Calling*.

'Tis (says he) sure a far less deplorable Spectacle to see a Gentleman spoil'd of his Fortune by his Conscience than his Luxury, and to behold him under the Stroke of the Headsman, than under those more infamous Executioners, his Lust and Intemperance; yet I fear if the Martyrology even of those suffering times were duly scann'd, *Venus* and *Bacchus* would be found to have had many more Martyrs than God and Loyalty.

My

My Constitution utterly unqualify'd me for a hard Drinker, and so I was forc't to plead Indisposition and Inability, which in consideration of my being a stranger and upon a Journey was allowed of ; I stay'd with 'em till about ten before I went to my Chamber, whither I was attended by the Landlord, who ask'd me several questions in order (I suppose, as he was directed by the Company) to discover who I was, but that I thought was useless here, and so I only made him an Answer in the general.

Between four and five next Morning I set out, with a resolution to reach *Northampton* that Night ; and I believe, had been there in good time if I had not been Interrupted by an unlucky accident, which carried me another way, and was the cause of no small trouble and discontent to me afterwards.

When I had travelled about eight Miles onwards of my Journey, I overtook a Person upon the Road in the habit of a Clergy-man, and truly, both from his Garb, Behaviour and Dialect, had no grounds to suspect to the contrary. I accosted him with all the distance and regard that I thought was due to his Character ; and indeed, his deportment

E and

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and Reply was decent and gentile enough, he was bound for *Northampton* as well as me, he told me, and provided I would not over-walk him, would gladly embrace the benefit of my Company.

We walk'd together about two Miles before we stopt, and then we call'd at the Persons House, to whom I had the Token from my honest Landlord at *Leighton* ; he treated us with a great deal of Civility and Respect, and nothing would serve his turn but we must stay all Night ; whether he took any thing for our Entertainment, I cannot remember, but to the best of my knowledge he did not, and would very willingly have detain'd us for two or three Days longer, and withal, offer'd to lend us Horses to *Northampton*.

By this time my Associate had sufficiently Instructed himself in my Inclinations, and accordingly the more to Ingratiate himself with me, pretends he was one of that unhappy Number, that the Government had maliciously and unjustly depriv'd of his Preferment, for not taking the Covenant ; and, what was worse, that a Conjunction of hard Circumstances had driven him from his Friends and Coun-

Country, to seek Bread and Liberty among strangers.

Here I began to close with him, and gave him a short Account of my Case, which he receiv'd with so much Hypocritical Compassion and Formality, that indeed I thought him one of the most Devout and Pious Persons that I had ever conversed with, in the whole Course of my Life; He told me, he was of Hart Hall in Oxford, and gave me such a singular Account of the Manner and Constitution of the University, and the Names and Characters of so many Eminent Persons, that there was not the least ground to suspect him. I must confess, the remembrance of my former Companion often came into my mind, but then, when I came to compare their different Characters and Demeanors, I could not forbear blaming my self for my suspicion.

In a few hours we had Contracted a very strict and solemn Friendship, and (as I thought) began to deal our minds one to another, with all the Candor and Frankness of true and sincere Friends; he told me several odd, but Delightful and Pleasant Accidents, that he had been forc'd to Encounter, since he had been reduc'd

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to the hard State of an *Itinerant* ; I gave him in return an Account of some of mine, but particularly my late Adventure with the Mountebank : Together with the manner of my Deliverance ; Moreover, I recited the Verses and Letter to him which I writ at *Leighton*, and gave him a full and particular Relation with what extraordinary Candor they receiv'd 'em, and how kindly the good Gentleman and his Family treated and reliev'd me in all respects.

He told me, upon the hearing of the Letter and Verses, Notwithstanding my Misfortunes, I was one of the happiest Men living, and if I would but Actuate that Talent that God had entrusted me with, I need not doubt a subsistence in any part of the Kingdom ; that very Copy of Verses and Letter, says he, if you knew how to apply them rightly, were a sufficient *Vade Mecum*, to carry you all over *England* ; but (says he) I find you are but a youngster in the secrets of Travelling, and therefore upon our march to Morrow, I'll give you some General Instructions, by the help of which, you'll be able to understand your business a little better.

To

To be an exact Master in this kind of Art of Living, I must tell you, requires a great deal, both of Judgment, Discretion and Experience, and when once you're arriv'd to a tolerable perfection a Person of your Sence and Learning, may make his Passage through the World with a bundance of delight and satisfaction.

'Twas too late now to descend into particulars, and so we went to our respective Appartments for that Night, with a mutual resolution to be up Early in the Morning in order to Prosecute our Journey, as we accordingly did about seven the next Day.

When we came at a convenient distance from the Town, I put him in mind of his promise, *i. e.* to instruct me in the Secrets and Mysteries of a Travelling Mendicant, which he readily comply'd with, and withal told me, to prevent being mis-understood, it would be necessary to give me a general Idea and Notion of the business.

As to the Science and Occupation of begging, (for that in strictness of sense is the properest Name I can call it by) 'tis in the main, a kind of *ars vivendi*, a sort of Trade and Profession as well as any of the rest, so that if it be not always nicely

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conformable to the Rules of Vertue, Justice and Truth, there's as much if not more to be said for it, than for any other Science or Calling.

But Sir, says I, Is it impossible for a Man to be Vertuous and a Mendicant? We have it from the Mouth of a great Man, that a Man may be Poor or Sick by Misfortune, but none can be Vitious or Unjust, but they must be the cause of it themselves; and truly, I cannot see what tollerable reason can be ascrib'd, Why, an Ingenuous and Faithful Account of our Circumstances, should not be as moving and acceptable as one that is Forg'd and Surreptitious.

I grant indeed (says he) that the true State of your Condition, provided you had none but Loyal Persons to make your addresses to, were sufficient, But then how would you do, if you should fall into a Country, where there are none of these sort to be found, which you know is not impossible considering the Age we live in? Beside, if you take up the Trade (as I said) *quatenus ars vivendi*, Why then, I think in point of Prudence, you are oblig'd to make the most of it; and if there be a little Prevarication upon occasion, I can't perceive where the great sin or harm of it

it lies ; you know a violent necessity can plead to any thing, even to the breach of the general Rules of Civility and Modesty. But Sir, this is all Forreign to our Case, and if you throw stumbling blocks in my way, you can never expect I should discharge my promise.

To go on therefore, if you intend to be a Proficient in the Science of begging ; your first business will be, to consult the Nature and Temper of the Person you are to make your application to, and by what expedient you may best recommend your self to him: our method for this is, commonly to go to some adjacent Ale-house, where for the expence of Six Pence, we may be equipt with the several Characters and Inclinations of all the Gentry and Clergy within four or five Miles round.

When you have hit of the Person, the next thing is, to consult whether it be most proper to attend him your self, or send him the nature of your Case in a letter; if you do the first, you must be sure to fix upon such a time, when you are Morally certain he is not engag'd in business or Company ; if you do the latter, the great difficulty is, to get your Letter handsomly convey'd to him; my way (and

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I think 'tis the best) is to carry it my self and walk about the Hall, &c. Till I have got my Answer.

He had went on with his Discourse, if we had not been Interrupted by a third Person, of whom, my Compassion enquiring the way to *Northampton*, we were inform'd that we were come more than Two Miles out of the Road; and that our way lay directly back again; which I believe from the Sequel of the Matter, was rather a Design than a Mistake: He ask'd me, *If my Occasions at Northampton were so urgent, and particular, that I could not avoid going thither? If they are, says he, I'll accompany you with all my Heart; for my own part, I am not oblig'd to any one place, and shall be willing to dispencc with a greater inconveniency than this, for the sake of such good Conversation.*

I told him my Business was only to carry a Letter of Recommendation to a Loyal Clergy-man in order to request him to accept me as an Assistant in his School, from whence I propos'd some sort of Settlement, till I could be able to guess how it would please God to dispose of the World.

If

If your Resolutions are fix'd to undertake the drudgery of an Usher (says he) far be it from me to oppose it ; however, I may tell you as a Friend, 'tis but wedding your self to a Life of Slavery, Vexation, and Confinement ; and indeed, were I in your Circumstances, had I your Parts and Youth, and were I Master of so many Qualifications as you are, it should be the last Business in the Kingdom I would take up with.

But Sir, (says I, being alas! but too easie to be perswaded in that particular) if I should relinquish my Pretensions, what must be done for a Subsistence ; I have neither Estate, Money, nor Friends, and to be left destitute in such a barbarous Age as this, is a reasonable inducement for me to put my Hand to any thing for an honest Livelyhood, that I am in the least capable of undertaking.

I will (says he) in no respect interpose in your Affairs ; as for a Subsistence, my Condition in every point is the same with yours, and has been so for divers Years, and yet thanks to my Stars I have never wanted Food and Rayment, and what's more, have enjoy'd a Freedom
and

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and Priviledge which you must not expect under the Capacity of an Usher.

Beside I have had the opportunity of seeing several Countries, and making my Observations upon the Men and things, which I must tell you is no inconsiderable advantage to a Man of Parts and Learning. But Sir, supposing all this, I cannot be so vain to believe, that my Parts and Learning (as you are pleased to intimate) can any ways entitle me to such extraordinary Priviledges; neither can I understand, provided I were qualified in all respects as you represent me, how I could be secure of Food and Raiment, and withal enjoy the grateful opportunity of seeing the Country, which I must own seems to me an Advantage as great as any thing else you can morally propose.

All that I tell you, saith he, is from my own Experience; I have already past thro' several happy years in an Itinerant State, and though I had very few of the Perfections you are Master of, to assist me, have made a very comfortable Progress; but 'tis nonsense to multiply Words, and therefore the short of the Case is this, if you think fit to joyn your self with me,
you

Or, Unhappy Beggar. 59

you may depend upon a true Friend, and faithful Companion, and then for our Subsistence, I could easily demonstrate to you, that there is not the least Shadow, or Pretence to apprehend the wants or defects of it.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

They straggle together into Leicestershire, try several Adventures in their Passage, the Mendicant writes a Latin Letter to a Lady, and is plentifully rewarded; they are both seized, and carried before a Magistrate; the Itinerant is discover'd to be an Impostor, and the Mendicant Honourably Acquitted.

Without very many second Considerations, I resolv'd upon this new Expedition, *i. e.* to take a turn about the Country, in Company with this Ingenious and (as I thought) honest Itinerant; about three in the Afternoon we reach *Oundle*, where we stay'd all Night; my Camerade I found was very well known all over the Place, having, as the Woman of the House inform'd me, Preach'd there about half a year before, to the great Satisfaction and applause of the whole Town.

To

To give him his due, he was a Man, as far as can be presum'd, without Learning, a Master of the *English* Tongue, and truly I was mightily satisfied to see with what Respect and Kindness every body treated him; we were here Merry and Jocular; but (says he) young Gentleman, you must take this for a general Rule, never to spend of the main Stock, but upon case of Necessity.

Come, (says he) I have thought of an Adventure, which I am confident will defray the Charge of the Night. About half a Mile out of Town lives an excellent Lady, you shall write out your Verses, and the Letter you repeated yesterday, and I'll get em convey'd to her, which I am very certain will be a Piece, or at least half a Piece in our way.

I had much ado to reconcile myself to this ungrateful Expedient; however, after a great many intreaties from him, and Reflections upon my self, and withal considering that the thing was not *malum in se*, I did comply with his Request, and transcrib'd them just in the very words and form as I first writ 'em at *Leighton*.

I'm sure he had not sent 'em away above an Hour, but comes a Maid Servant with

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with a Letter directed to Mr. Peregrine —
The Contents were these.

Sir,

BT your Ingenious Copy of Verses, and Letter, I find you must needs be what you pretend to, an Honest Gentleman in Distress; Indeed I am truly sorry my present Indisposition will not allow me to see you; you may depend upon it, it is not want of Respect which your extraordinary Wit and Parts may command from any body. I have sent a Small Token by the bearer, which I hope you'll do me the favour to accept of, from your humble Servant,

W --- O.

The small Token, as the good Lady was pleased to call it, was Thirty Shillings, four or five of which I think we spent that Night, and put the Remainder into a Common Bag; nothing could be more innocently pleasant and merry than my Companion was through the whole Evening, and truly I was so well satisfied in my new Adventure, that for the present

sent I had utterly forgot all my former Misfortunes.

We stay'd here all Sunday, and upon Monday Morning set forward again, resolving to make the best of our way to *Bosworth* in *Leicestershire*, where he told me before he went into the *South*, he left his Horse, and several other Travelling Necessaries. In our way he would be very often discoursing, and commending such a kind of Life, and giving such pleasant Accounts of several diverting Passages he had met with in his Travels, that indeed I was very much affected and rejoic'd in his Conversation.

When we had walkt about five Mile, we came to a little Ale-house, and there inquiring as his manner was, what Gentlemen there was near, the Man of the House told him, there was one of the worthiest Men in the whole Country that liv'd within half a Mile; here he would have had me try'd my Verses again, but that I positively refus'd; however he would not be denied, but I should write him a Letter, which I did in the following Words, and put his Name to it.

Sir,

Sir,

YOU have this from one of the most unhappy Men living, from a poor Clergy-Man, which a harsh and severe Law hath first forc'd out of the Church for refusing the Covenant, and then a Complication of hard Circumstances from his Friends, and Country, to seek Bread and Liberty among Strangers. Sir, The Character you bear, both of a good and great Man, encourages me to believe that you will in some measure commiserate the wretched condition of a most distressed Stranger. Pity and forgive him I beseech you Sir, and accept his Thanks and Prayers, Who shall ever esteem it an Honour and a Happiness to be thought worthy to be admitted into the number of those that are bound to bless you for your Charity and Beneficence.

This Letter he carry'd himself, and the Gentleman, as he told me, gave him a Crown; to the best of my Remembrance we spent two or three Days at this little Ale-house, my Camerade going out every Morning, to fetch in Contribution (as he called it.) When we had done there

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there, we set forward again, and the Night following came to a small Market-Town about eight Mile further.

Here my Companion discovers a new Adventure, *i. e.* A Lady that was an excellent Mistress of the Latine Tongue, and very Charitable and Compassionate to all sorts of Strangers, and Travellers, and nothing would serve his turn but I must attack her in a *Latine* Epistle, which tho' I thought was a very odd Expedient; yet my former Success, and his Intreaties together, so far prevail'd with me, that I was resolv'd to try the Event, and so sat down, and with some sort of dis-satisfaction and uneasiness, scribled this hasty Letter.

Dignissima Dom.

SI quis sit Infelix hujus Epistolæ Portitor quæræ, Peregrinus sum; si sortem quæ huc me adduxit, aversa fortuna Ictus et malitia est. In puerilibus annis bonis literis Educatus, & tandem ad Oxonium missus, ubi per tres felices annos incubui, at interim amicis perditis & defunctis a Collegio (hei mihi) haud invitus discessi. Appropinquans igitur hanc tuam Ignotam Pa-

F

tri-

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*triam, humiliter imploro benignitatem, ut
aliquid ad sustinendum fragile meum Cor-
pus accipiam. Miserere Juvenis Magnæ spei,
Jampridem nunc perituri, sic Divina Clemen-
tia tui misceatur in hoc Mundo & in fu-
turo.*

Peregrinus.

In Answer to this, next Morning I re-
ceiv'd a gentile Note with ten Shillings,
with several neat and pretty Apologies for
the smallness of the Present. By the help
of these kind of Letters, Letters of Re-
quest, Petitions, and other Mendicant
Conveniencies my Companion was well
furnish'd with, we wander'd the Country
for about a Month before we reacht Bos-
worth, which was the Place my Associ-
ate had pitcht upon to continue at for
three or four days, in order to Equip us
with Necessaries fit for a Summer's Expedi-
tion.

'Twas about eight a Clock, I believe,
before we came to our Quarters; and
truly I think we had not been there a-
bove half an Hour, but in comes a Con-
stable with a strong Party of Assistance,
and seized us both; it seems they had
discover'd my Itinerant Friend to be a
a rank Impostor, and, what was worse,
that

that by an ungrateful piece of Knavery, had cheated an honest Gentleman in *Warwickshire* out of the Horse he had left here till his Return from his Southern Peregrination.

To make short of the Story, we were both immediately carried before Sir *B. D.* a worthy Justice of the Peace, that liv'd in the Neighbourhood; my Camerader was called first to his Examination, and tho he made his Defence with the greatest assurance and readiness, yet the Charge against him was so heavy and plain, and confirm'd by so many corroborating Circumstances, that there was no possibility either to stifle, or evade it.

They prov'd several very black things upon him, but especially that his Orders, Testimonials, &c. were all forg'd, and Counterfeited, and that he had left his Wife at *Falmonth*, and had straggled the Country with another Woman, which he either was, or at least pretended to be Married to; upon the whole, although the Justice was a Gentleman of an extraordinary Temper and Compassion, and would very willingly have Saved him, the Crimes against him were so exaltedly hainous, and Scandalous, and so evidently and clearly proved beside, that he

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was constrained to order his Clerk to make his *Mittimus* for *Leicester* Goal.

My turn came next, and truly he was not more ready to plead for, and excuse his Villany, than I was at a loss to defend my Innocence. The good Gentleman perceiving me in such a strange Agony and Disorder, kindly told me, I need not be so mightily terrified, I was not charg'd with any of his Crimes, but only with being in his Company, which so far encourag'd me, that in a sort of perplext manner, I gave a general account of our meeting, and of all our Travels and Transactions, with which the Justice, and all the Company were so well satisfied, that with a great deal of Pity and Advice, I was instantly discharged.

CHAP. VIII.

The Mendicant returns into Northampton shire, delivers his Letter he had from the Gentleman at Leighton to the Clergy-man, by whom he's receiv'd as an Usher, he is ordain'd a Deacon; the Clergy-Man's Sister falls in Love with him, to avoid which he forsakes his Place, and returns to his former Profession of a Mendicant.

BEING divided from my Companion by this unlucky Accident, I was in a deep Quandary whether I should carry on my new Profession upon my own bottom, or return into *Northampton-shire*, and deliver my Letter, which by great accident I had preserv'd; my former Success, and Encouragement, together with my rambling Itch and Inclination to see the Countrey, had certainly carried the Cause, if the Fate of my late Associate had not

F 3

happily

happily interpos'd, the Prospect of which was still so dismal and frightful to me, that at length, tho not without some Reluctancy, I conclude upon the latter ; but just as I was packing, up comes a Messenger from the Justice of Peace, with advice, *That I must instantly come and speak with him.*

This put me under fresh Apprehensions ; and notwithstanding I was sensible I had done nothing that could any ways expose me to the Law, yet for all that I was sufficiently terrify'd to think what should be the consequence of this Second Interview ; however, I found there was no Remedy, but I must put it to the venture, and so that I might be out of my pain, as soon as possible, I went up to the house.

When I came there, I found the Gentleman and his Lady walking in his Court, who immediately beckened me to come to him. *Young Man*, says he, *I was very sorry to find you in such bad Company, but I hope it will be a caution to you for the future, how you embark your self with Strangers:* Says the good Lady, *You have had a very happy deliverance, for 'tis a thousand to one, if you had continu'd your Rambles with him, but he'd have drawn you into some Inconve-*

conveniency that probably might have been the cause of your Destruction.

They order'd me to follow 'em into their Garden, and commanded me to sit down with 'em in a Summer-house, and to give 'em a particular Narrative of my Travels and Circumstances; which I did in as comprehensive a manner as I could; and withall, repeated to 'em my Verses, Letters, &c. with all the rest of my Transactions since my first departure from Oxford.

They were both extreamly pleas'd and affected with my Relation, and the Gentleman gave me ten Shillings to help to bear my Charges into *Northamptonshire*, and ordered One of his Servants to go Two or Three Miles with me, to set me in the ready Road; and moreover, enjoyn'd me to send him a Letter, with an account of my Success, &c. as I did about a month after.

The fourth day at night I came to the End of my Journey, and deliver'd my Letter, according to direction; and indeed, was receiv'd with a Civility and Respect beyond what I could reasonably imagine; they told me my good Friends at *Leighton* had sent two other Letters in my behalf, and were under very great

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Apprehensions and Trouble to find out what was become of me all this while.

I pretended something (I can't tell what) which pass'd well enough for an excuse ; and so the next thing was (after some short Examination) upon what Terms I would consent to live with him : which I referr'd to himself, and he very candidly offer'd me Twenty Pounds *per Annum*, Meat, Drink, Washing, and Lodging, and the conveniency of his Books and Study, as often as I had occasion.

With this I thankfully comply'd ; and the next Morning he conducted me into his School, where was about Thirty Gentlemens Sons ; the greatest part of which were boarded in his own Family.

And now I began to think my self as happy as I could wish ; having, beside the opportunity of a fixt and settled Life, the advantage of a pretty good Library, and the Conversation of a Learned Ingenious Man, that upon all occasions would be ready to give me his Advice and Instructions : We liv'd together like two Brothers ; our Tempers, Inclinations, and Principles squaring so exactly, that in the space of Twenty Months, I don't remember the least jangle or discontent.

About

About half a Year afterwards there came the Worthy Bishop of — to a Nobleman's that liv'd in the Nighbourhood, and nothing would serve my Friend, but I should Embrace the Opportunity, and be Ordain'd a Deacon. This Motion at first I was unwilling to condescend to, suspecting (as I had good Reason) my own Insufficiency, and Want of Age and Leaning.

We had several Debates before he could prevail with me to lay my hand to the Plow; but having convinc'd me from the Canon, which, as he quoted to me, did only oblige me, *reddere rationem fidei in Latina Lingua*; and having clear'd up all my other Doubts and Suspicions, by the help of the Character he had given of me, and a Title and Testimonial he had procur'd, upon St. Thomas day following, which happened to fall that Year upon a Sunday, I was Ordain'd.

My Lord Examin'd me himself, and withal, told me, *I came to him so well recommended, that he should ask me but few Questions.* The most material, to the best of my remembrance, were concerning the *Three distinct Offices of our Saviour*, with some other short matters relating to the Constitution of the Church of
Eng.

England, and Kingly Government.

Some time after my Ordination, my Worthy Patron would needs Engage me to Preach in the Parish-Church; which, after several Intreaties, I was forc'd to comply with. It would look like Vanity in me to tell you with what general Applause I acquitted my self; I had the Thanks and Caresses of every body for my Sermon; but from none with so much endearing Sweetness and Friendship as from the Sister of my Friend.

And here my Cruel Step-mother, *Fortune*, begins again to try her Experiments upon me: From this very Instant this poor young Gentlewoman espouses a particular Tenderness and Esteem for me; which she so long unhappily tortures and cherishes in her breast, that at length by degrees it swell'd into a violent and passionate Love.

I should wrong her Memory, and the Judgment of all that knew her, if I should not give her the Character she both enjoy'd and Merited; *i. e.* of a *Vertuous, Sober and Discreet*, and withal, a *Beautiful Woman*, barring her last mistake in bestowing her Affection upon such an unhappy Wretch as my self.

She

She made a thousand pretty and innocent discoveries of her Passion ; and truly I saw it well enough, though I thought it Prudence not to let her know it ; every body in the house (especially her Brother) perceiv'd it as well as my self ; and indeed it grew so violent and rapid at last, that she had enough to do to contain her self within the ordinary bounds and measures of her Sex.

I knew not what to do in this difficult conjuncture, and indeed was much more concern'd for the unhappy Gentlewoman than for my self. Marriage I was resolv'd against, being sufficiently convinc'd that neither my Circumstances, nor my Temper would in any respect agree with such a state of Life.

Upon one hand lay a large heap of Obligations and Favours I had receiv'd from her Brother ; on the other a compendious chain of her own endearing Kindnesses and Civilities ; and which way to steer a safe course between these two dangerous Rocks, I could not determine ; *First*, I thought if I should stay here till her Brother or some Friend should move the thing, and then reject it, they could esteem it no less than the height of Baseness and Ingratitude, and resent it as an affront,

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affront, not to be pardon'd : And, *Secondly*, I thought if I went off privately, without taking my leave, 'twould bring such an *Odium* upon me, that I should never be able to wipe it out, the remainder of my Life.

Well, I found there was no Remedy, but I must instantly resolve upon one of these Expedients ; and truly as cases stood, I thought the latter was the most proper ; and accordingly having furnisht my old Satchel (which I had still lying by me, as a Reli^q of my former Adventures) with all sorts of traveling Necessaries. Upon the next Holiday in the Morning, to avoid Suspicion, I set forward upon a new Peregrination ; and at a Village about Four Miles off, I writ this Note, which I got convey'd to 'em by a Messenger, &c.

S I R,

M*y sudden departure I know must necessarily surprise you ; 'tis an impetuous gust of hard fortune that will have it so ; the rest I leave to your own Conceptions. Let this commend me earnestly to your worthy Family, to whom I wish all the happiness and blessing of both Worlds. Accept my Thanks and Prayers for your friendly Charity*

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ty and Compassion to an unhappy Stranger;
whom, by a long Chain of faithful Kindnesses,
you have inseparably bound to acknowledge
himself for ever,

Your most Obliged Usher,
PEREGRINE.

Here the Muse would needs offer me
her help in my Melancholy; and as I
walk'd along, dictated to me this short
Ode.

Oh Life! thou'rt nothing but a sound,
A weak built Isthmus, that a while does
[rise

Between two vast Eternities;
And then sinks down, and canst no more be
[sound.

Alas! alas! in vain,
With all our Care and Pain
We seek the tott'ring Fabrick to main-
[tain.

Our utmost Acts are Nonsense all;
'Tis Nonsense all that we can do;
Through Paths unknown vast trains of
[ills pursue:
And Man, the Wretch must undergo
[em all.

'Twas

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'Twas a sad Truth spoke by the wisest King,
That better is the day of Death,
Than that black day that gives us
[Breath.

Since nought below can any Comfort bring.
'Tis hard, methinks 'tis hard
That Man alone should be debarr'd,
Even from that ease the Toyls of Brutes
[reward.

But still 'tis Nonsense to complain,
'Tis better sit and bite the Chain.
We must drudge through the Vale, and
[tamely go
Through the strange dismal Weilds and
[Labirinths of Woe.

CHAP.

C H A P. IX.

The Mendicant wanders into Buckinghamshire, is entertained by a Worthy old Gentleman for his Curate ; he preaches a singular Sermon upon Humility, the chief heads of which he sets down at large.

WHEN I had dispatch'd away the Messenger with the Note, and satisfy'd him to his content for the trouble he would be at, I thought it was best, for fear they should endeavour to recover me, to take a by-way cross the Country. I don't know how far I wander'd the first day, neither did I think it proper to ask Questions ; however, I found my self at night upon the edge of *Buckinghamshire* ; where, at a poor Alehouse in a small Country Village, I took up my Station.

Whilst I was sadly reflecting upon the Family I had left, and entertaining my self

self with the dismal Accounts of my own repeated Misfortunes, in comes a Gentleman to enquire for Lodging, that came, as he pretended, directly from *London*; amongst other things I ask'd him the News. News says he Sir! why, good News for all honest Gentlemen, and especially for those of your Coat; General *Monk* is upon a full march with his Army from *Scotland*, and the People begin to talk publickly of the Restoration of the King.

This News pleas'd and diverted me, notwithstanding the piercing Agonies I was under.

The Gentleman's Conversation in general was exceeding pleasant and jocular; we eat and drank together, and indeed were forc'd to lie together too, the House affording no more than one Bed, and that but a scurvy one neither; however, there was no Remedy, but we must take up with that, or the Hay Mow; which, as it hapned afterwards, had been the better choice of the two; to make short of the matter, my Bedfellow prov'd a notorious Highwayman; and the very day before had committed several Robberies in the Road between *Dunstable* and *Wooborn*; and what was worse, about four a Clock
in

in the Morning came a Constable with a hue and Cry, and seized us both in our Beds.

My Companion indeed would willingly have clear'd me by alledging I was an absolute Stranger to him, but Mr. Constable would not Credit him, and so the next Morning we were both carried before a Magistrate, he was committed to *Alesbury* Goal, and I was remanded back to the Alehouse, under a strong Guard, with Orders to be secur'd for three or four days, till the Persons that were Robbed had view'd me, to try if any of them could give any Evidence against me; but nothing appearing, and my Innocence growing every day more manifest, I was at last set at liberty.

Being now deliver'd from this strange Dilemma, which, notwithstanding, had exhausted all my Stock; Moneyless, Friendless, and Disconsolate I wander from one place to another, till it began to draw towards Sun-set, and what to do for a little Food, and a Lodging, I could not imagine; Lying in the Field was a dismal Apprehension, and to venture into an Inn, without Money to pay my Reckoning, was as bad; but while I was thus ruminating upon my doleful Con-
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diction, I observ'd a Shepherd following his Flock not far from me, to whom I made up, in order to enquire where I was, and what Gentleman liv'd near.

The good Old Man perceiving by my Looks and Gesture, I was a Person in distress, told me I was in the Vale of *Alesbury*, and that there were several Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, but they were all *Oliverians*; and Common-wealths Men, and good for little: the only Gentleman (says he) that I know in this part of the Country, is Mr. *H.* of *Abbots Aston*, a little Town about a Mile off, and he too has been so often plunder'd and harra's'd since the War, and has a great Family beside, that I'm afraid things are not so well with him as they have been; however, I dare say, (a Stranger, and a Gentleman as you seem to be) if you think fit to call upon him, won't want Lodging, and Entertainment for a Night, &c.

I thanked the honest Shepherd for his kind Instruction, and withal, resolv'd to take his Advice, and indeed found every thing beyond his Representation. The worthy old Gentleman, upon the very first Recital of my Condition, with a decent Gentleman-like Freedom invited me in, and truly I was entertain'd by him-
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self, and his Family, with so much Friendly Civility, that I had hardly met with the like in the whole course of my Travels.

The next Morning, when I came to take my Leave, he gave me Half-a-Crown, and a Letter to a Neighbouring Clergyman, whom, he told me, if he was not very lately supplied, wanted an honest young Man for a Curate, and in all outward appearance, I seem'd to be a Person fit for his turn.

One of his Sons did me the Favour to accompany me to the Gentleman's House, who, after a short Examination of my Orders, and other Credentials, was pleas'd to accept of me. We came to no fixt Agreement, further than that I was to have ten Shillings a Sunday, and stay with him till something happened that might be more to my Advantage.

The next Sunday I was oblig'd to Preach at one of his Churches, and as 'tis common in the case of a Stranger, I had a very large and considerable Auditory; the Substance of my discourse was upon Humility, which my Patron, that was present himself, was so well pleas'd, and affected with, that he engag'd me to write it out, and give him the Copy,

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the Substance of which you have in the
following Abstract.

Matth. 11. 29.

*And learn of me, for I am meek and
lowly in Heart.*

THe Life of the blessed Jesus, as it
was altogether a Compendious
President of the most Holy and Divine
Behaviour, so in nothing more eminent
and Exemplary than for his Humility
and Complaisance ; he saw doubtless
what a stubborn insolent World he should
leave behind, and therefore both by
his Doctrines, and inimitable Example of
his Life, endeavours to leave this God-
like Principle deeply Stamp'd, and impress'd
upon the Minds of Men.

Indeed there's nobody that contemplates
that miraculous Life with that profound
Veneration and Regard, which the nature
of the thing deserves, but will soon find
it answering the present Character, and
withal, that it is the most Innocent and
Endearing Original for us, that pretend
to be his Disciples, to Copy, and be directed

Or, Unhappy Beggar. 85

*sted by. Learn of me, for I am meek,
and lowly in Heart.*

Beside this Introduction, after I had made a short Exposition of the Sence, and Coherence of the Text, I divided my Discourse into these three general Considerations.

1st. I undertook to give a brief Representation of the Nature and Effects of Humility, both with respect to God and our selves.

2^{dly}. To give a Character of Pride, and the dangerous and mischievous Consequences of it.

3^{dly}. I propos'd the Life and behaviour of our Blessed Saviour, as the most convincing Argument to perswade us to Charity and Humility.

First, For the Nature of Humility, I represented it to consist chiefly in the Reflections upon our selves, in considering our own meanness, and demerit, and putting a modest and Religious Value upon our Persons and Deserts, and being constantly more ready to give others the Honour, and Esteem, than to be affect-

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ed with the Praises, and Commendation of our selves.

Secondly, I briefly demonstrated Humility to be a Noble and Generous Principle, and though it was directly opposite to all Pride, and haughtiness of Disposition, yet was in no respect inconsistent with the Beauties and Ornaments of our Religion, *i. e.* Christian Courage and Fortitude.

Indeed I cannot in any respect conceive, that to be the Nature of true Humility, which consists in a baseness, and lowness of Spirit, but rather an Indication of Cowardice, and Abjectness, by which Men are hurried into the violent transports of Joy or Sorrow, by the happy or adverse Success of every little trifling Accident, or Concern.

None had so humble a Spirit as our Blessed Lord himself, and yet none a greater Mind, and a more absolute Resolution; and truly 'tis the grossest Mistake, to conclude a Man of a bold and Heroick Temper, because he's Proud and Insolent, or of a poor and degenerate Spirit, because he's humble and Complaisant. This is a common Mistake, 'tis true, but still 'tis a Mistake, and can proceed from
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nothing else but from our not understanding aright the true Nature and Effects of Humility.

For had we the right Notion of Humility, we should soon perceive the Inestimable happiness of the humble Man; we should observe him open and free, Serene and Calm, and not to be affected or discompos'd with such mean and low things as the proud Man is, he's always retired into the sweetness of himself, wears a Soul above the reach of Flattery, or Contempt, and hath a more absolute Dominion and Sway over his Passions and Infirmities, than to suffer himself to be grated or disturb'd by any o. 'em.

Then for the Effects of Humility, I endeavour'd to prove that the first great Effect of it was, that it puts us in Mind of the common Corruptions, and frailty of our Nature, and consequently urges us to reflect upon that vast distance and disproportion, that is between Almighty God and our Selves, the Consideration of which only can qualifie us to worship him with that Reverence and Prostration of Soul. as becomes the Greatness and Majesty of Heaven,

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A second effect of Humility that I mentioned, was, that it gives us a quick and strong Sense of the Mercies of God, and discovers to us the several degrees of his Bounty, and Compassion.

An humble Man takes notice of every Blessing and Advantage, and then reflects upon God as their Immediate, and direct Author, and the grand Fountain and Original from whence they all Flow.

Such a Man believes every Mercy too large for his desert, and with the Holy Psalmist, upon all occasions, is ready to say, *What am I? and what is my House, O Lord, that thou hast brought hitherto?* Still giving every Blessing its just and proper Estimate, by comparing it with his own demerit, and contemplating his own base Original.

Thirdly, I observ'd, that Humility teaches, nay, enables Men to undergo the several Troubles and Calamities, that they are liable to be encounter'd with in their passage through Humane Life.

The humble Person considers, and is satisfied that God is bound by no obligations to alter and discompose the whole Scheme of his Providence for his Sake, neither doth he expect that every thing
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in this troublesome and uncertain Vale should fall out just according to his own design; such a Man rather thinks the Miscarriages of his Affairs to be the Product of his own Negligence, or Imprudence, and upon no account will be seduc'd to charge God foolishly; besides, he looks upon his Afflictions to be Tokens of Reconcilement between himself and his Maker, and rather blesses and praises, than murmurs and complains against the Hand that Chastiseth him.

Fourthly, I argued that Humility composed the Soul and Mind to a pious and universal Resignation, to be satisfied, and acquiesce, whether it be at the upper or lower end of the World, and directed us to the shadow of the Divine Wings in all our Calamities, and what's more, proposes to us too, a Serenity and Composedness, not to be shaken or disturb'd by any of the changes, or charges of this Mortal Life.

It must be low and humble Thoughts doubtless, that can guide the Minds of Men in making this happy Election, for so long as they look upon themselves with false Opticks, they can never arrive to this God-like disposition, nor never will
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till they have unbent their Minds, disrobed them of all their Arrogance, and torn of that ugly Vizor their Pride hath put upon them.

Thus far I urg'd the Nature, and effects of Humility, with regard to our more solemn behaviour to Almighty God; the next thing I propos'd was, how requisite it was, with respect to our common Dealings and Conversations in the World.

First, I offer'd it as a grand means to restrain us from attempting things above our reach or station, than which nothing can render a Man more absurd, and ridiculous, and this I enforc'd with the Pathetick Instance the Holy Psalmist gives of his Humility. *Lord my Heart is not haughty, nor my Eyes lofty, neither do I exercise my self in great matters, nor in things that are too high for me.*

There's nothing renders a Man more the Scorn and Laughter of the World, than to see him pretending to the Knowledge and Performance of things that are above his Sphere, which Humility kindly prevents, by composing his Mind to his Condition, and by giving him an honest and just

just Sense of his own abilities and perfecti-
ons.

Secondly, I briefly shewed that Humili-
ty guides us in our receiving Praise and
Applause; it stamps upon our Minds that
moderation and gentleness in the bearing
of it, that at once intitles us to the Cha-
racter both of good and wise Men; and
instead of being mounted, and lifted up
above our selves by it, Humility directs
us to look back, and consider who, and
what we are.

Humility teacheth us a decent and
sweet Behaviour to all Ranks and Degrees.

First, It guides the meaner sort how
to pay a due regard to their Superiours,
and withal directs the Superiour too
how he ought to behave himself to his
Fellow-Christian; briefly, it keeps Men
from the vain desire of Singularity, it re-
strains 'em from crowding themselves
upon the publick, rebates their furious
thoughts of Precedency, makes them mo-
dest and cautious how they censure the
Actions and Dealings of others, nay,
what's beyond all this, humility does
naturally endow us with a quiet Consci-
ence, and a contented Mind, the two best
Blessings

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Blessings that humane Nature is capable of. This was the substance of my Discourse upon the first General Proposition, *i. e.* the Nature, and Effects of Humility, both with respect to God and our Selves.

The second thing I propos'd was to give a short Character of Pride, and the mischievous Consequences of it.

And first, I endeavour'd to represent Pride as a most Impious, and audacious Vice, a Vice that was branded in divers places of Scripture, as most detestable to God, and most loathsom and obnoxious to Men, and was particularly signaliz'd to be so by the several Punishments it hath been rewarded with.

'Twas Pride that turn'd *Lucifer* out of Heaven, and *Nebuchadnezzar* out of his Throne, nay, out of all humane Society to boot, and indeed, it seems to have still a great deal of the same Effect, nothing rendring a Man so inconsiderable, hateful, and contemptible, for it sets him (in his own Imagination at least) above both his Betters and his Equals, and consequently renders him Intollerable to his Inferiours, and so to compleat the Parallel,

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 93

Parallel, seldom leaves him till it has turned him a Grazing, reduc'd him to some kind of Extremity, and by that means to know himself.

This Vice is so well known to be an Enemy, and to have a malicious Influence upon the common Conversation of the World, that we find the Wiser part of it very cautious and vigilant how they admit a proud Person into their Society, there being, beside the constant noise and impertinence, a perpetual hazard of wrangling, and quarrels, if not of Murder and Tumults depending upon it.

Beside this, in the second place I represented Pride as the Grand Abbettor of most of our Civil, and Ecclesiastical Feuds, and Divisions; it is indeed a most prolific Vice, there being few Sins, to which in some respects it is not either a Parent, or a Nurse, but more especially to our Religious Debates and Contentions.

If we trace the Heresies and Schisms from *Simon Magus*, his days, down to our own, we shall find Pride still a principal Actor in every Scene, though perhaps in a different Shape and Dress.

There hath been nothing, though never so Sacred, but upon this account hath been prostituted, and mis-used; when *Diotrephes*

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seeks Preheminence, the Dictates of an
Apostle must be rejected, nay even the
Divinity of our Saviour, God blessed for e-
ver, must be trampled upon when *Arius*
wants a Footstool to climb up to his af-
fected Greatness.

In a word, if we could examine the Oc-
currences of all Ages, we shall find that
the Pride of some, animated and support-
ed by the Malice and Revenge of others,
hath been the black Original, of all the
Wars and Blood that has been shed for
these many Years.

I urg'd several other things, as a fur-
ther Representation of the mischievous
Consequence of Pride, but those for bre-
vity sake I shall omit here.

The last thing I propos'd was the Life
and behaviour of our Blessed Saviour as
the most convincing Argument to per-
swade us to Charity and Humility.

First, I represented his whole Life as
one continued Scene of Innocence, Hu-
mility, and Holy Actions; I shew'd
from his own words how solemnly he
protested against, and disdain'd the Ho-
nour and Applause of the World.

I seek not my own Glory, saith he, I
receive not my Honour from Men, my
Doctrine

Doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me; *My Father dwelleth in me, and he doth the Works.*

He did not do any of his miraculous Actions with any kind of Pomp or Noise, but with an humble Calmness, and Complacency, agreeable to the Prophecy; no Acclamations could alter, or subvert the composure of his Mind; the greatest of his Triumphs we ever read of, was that of his riding to *Jerusalem*, and then too instead of praising and magnifying himself, he only bid them tell the *Daughter of Zion*, *That her King came to her Meek, and sitting upon an Ass, and a Colt the Foal of an Ass*, as is Recorded by the Evangelist. *Mat. 21. 5.*

He was no less eminent in bearing Affronts, Revilings, and Persecutions. In the great Article of all, his Crucifixion, he was so far from shewing any manner of Passion or Bitterness, even against those that had falsely betrayed and condemned him, that instead of Aggravating their Guilt, he Compassionately intreats his Father to forgive 'em, representing it rather as a Sin of their haste and Ignorance, than Revenge.

In these, and many other Instances I propos'd the Example of our Saviour's Life

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Life and Doctrine, as the most convincing Arguments to Charity and Humility, and then to conclude, I urg'd that the most natural way to express a true Veneration and Esteem for any Person, was to come as near as possible to his Likeness and Similitude.

Our utmost Love, without this, looks like Dissimulation and Pretence ; 'tis doubtless therefore the highest Concern of any one that pretends to be his Disciple, and to have a Value, and Regard for him, to transcribe his Godlike Copy, to imitate him as far as we can in the several Vertues of his Life, and to observe all his Holy and Divine Precepts, of which this is one of the foremost ; *Learn of me, for I am meek, and lowly in Heart.*

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Upon the Restoration of King Charles he leaves his Curacy, and goes to London, makes several insuccessful Attempts to get Preferment, and afterwards in a deep discontent, and Melancholly, leaves the Town, with a Resolution to return into the Country, in quest of New Adventures.

U Pon the delivery of the Copy of my Sermon, the worthy Gentleman made me a very handsom Present, and withal, was pleased (much beyond my Desert) to commend the happiness of my Expressions; the manliness of my Style, and the contexture of my Discourse, and moreover directed me in my Methods of Study, and gave me a Catalogue of the Books that were most proper to be read to improve my Judgment, and ground me in the true Principles of the Doctrine of the Church of England.

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In this happy State I pass'd off Divers comfortable Months till the Kings Restoration, and then I thought, considering my Father had first spent his Estate, and afterwards Sacrific'd his Life in the Service of the Crown, upon the Representation of my condition, I could not fail of getting some sort of Preferment.

When I came to *London*, I found Multitudes in my own Circumstances, abundance of worthy Gentlemen that had wasted their whole Fortunes in the Kings cause, and were now watching about Court for some kind of business, that might Entitle them to a subsistence in their declining Years.

For my own part, I try'd all the methods that the Nature of my Case would bear, but all to no purpose; the King was advis'd it seems, to Encourage and Caress his Enemies, and to depend upon the generosity of his Friends, which, as some about him told him, was a high Argument of Policy and Wisdom; whether it was or not, I think may be easily discern'd from the future success of things; but that's Forreign to my purpose.

I stay'd in Town, expecting the moving of the Waters, seven or eight months at least, and in the interim had contract-

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ed an Acquaintance with several Gentle-
men that came thither upon the same Er-
rand; with one especially, who, above
all the rest, I perceiv'd to be a person of
extraordinary Parts and Disposition; with
him I often met, and condol'd the Mis-
fortune of Loyal Men, and could hardly
refrain, (among our selves) from mak-
ing some Reflections upon our hard U-
sage.

This Gentleman (as he told me) had
spent Eight Hundred Pound *per Annum*,
in the Wars; and what was worse, had
a Wife and several Children in the Coun-
try, that must unavoidably fall into pub-
lick Extremity, if the King did not do
something for him. It would grieve
and surprize a man, to hear him give a
Relation of his Sufferings; and indeed it
was a very Melancholly and Astonishing
Prospect, to see so many brave Men in a
Neglected Starving Condition, whilst
those that had been the Grand Instru-
ments of the Rebellion, nay, in some
measure, that had been actually engag'd
in the Murder of the King, advanc'd
to considerable Places of Trust and Profit.

In short, I continued in this wretch-
ed State of Dependance, till I had eat

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up all my Books, and worn out my Cloaths; and after all, perceiving there was no good to be done at this ungrateful, mercenary Court, I pack'd up the poor Remains of my Equipage, and resolv'd once more to commit my self to the blind guidance of my hard Step-mother *Fortune*; and in the morning, just before my departure, in a deep and profound Melancholy, I writ the following Eight Verses, and left 'em seal'd up for my Friend.

Fly from this Scurvy Town, all Courts despise,

And ne'r torment thy Soul with thoughts to rise.

*Ne'r think thy Merits can Preferment get:
First be a Knaves, and then thou may'st be great.*

Vertue has no Prerogative at Court,

It only serves 'em there for scorn or sport.

The Fools and Villains rise, the Loyal fall,

And the same rigid fate seems to attend us all.

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C H A P. XI.

The Mendicant leaves London, wanders into Dorsetshire, takes upon him the Habit of a Shepherd, and gives an Account of several other Adventures that befel him.

HAVING waited six tedious Months in a fruitless Dependance upon an Ungrateful Court, I saw at last 'twas in vain to expect Preferment among 'em; Interest and Flattery, I perceiv'd, carry'd all before 'em, and so I resolve to steer back into the Country, to endeavour to find out some poor Employment that might entitle me to Bread and Liberty.

I set forward from *London* the 20th of *March*, and the first Night wander'd as far as *Uxbridge*, about fifteen Miles from *London*, without any considerable Adventure. I spent the Evening in a melancholy

ly contemplation upon the variety of Accidents and Calamities incident to human Life; and truly, upon the whole, was ready enough to conclude that Death was much preferable to it, unless it was upon the grand Account, as it is a State of Trial and Probation, for Immortality and Happiness.

And indeed I cannot conceive (excepting the assurance of the Immortality of our Souls) what it is that can support Men, and encourage 'em with so much Patience and chearfulness, to undergo the several Turns and Revolutions of unconstant Fortune, to submit so tamely to be bandyed, like Tennis-Balls, to and fro, upon the Racquets of every cross and malicious Accident, from Pain to Pleasure, from Fullness to Want, from Honour to Infamy, and so back again, till the Game is play'd out, and then to return into Eternal Silence and Insensibility.

With such kind of Reflections I spent the Night, and the next Morning early I set forward again, bending my course still Westward, resolving not to make any Attempts for a Settlement, till I had remov'd my self a considerable distance from London.

The sixth day, at night, upon enquiry, I found my self in *Dorsetshire*; and, what was worse, was unhappily straggled so far upon the Hills, that 'twas impossible for me to recover a Town to lodge at, before 'twas dark; and so I was forced to betake my self to the shelter of one of the little Huts the Shepherds had thrown up in the fields, to defend 'em from the Rain and Heat.

This unlucky Accident mightily terrified and discontented me; however, I found there was no Remedy, but I must endure it; therefore laying my Satchel under my head, for my Pillow, and putting my self in the best posture I could contrive, to defend me from the cold, I laid me down upon one of the Seats, which was only Stones and Earth, covered with a Turf, and endeavour'd to compose my self to rest.

I know not how it came to pass, whether it was my Weariness or Discontent or both together, but betwixt 'em they threw me into a deep sleep, which lasted till break of day the next morning, and truly I was extreamly rejoic'd I had past off a doleful night with so much ease and safety.

The Lark was upon the Wing, singing her welcome to the morning, before I turn'd out of the Earthen Habitation; and what was more, and indeed what I have often thought upon with the highest and most profound Thankfulness and Admiration, notwithstanding the Night was very cold, and the Wind blew exactly into the mouth of the Cabin, I did not find my self in the least afflicted or disorder'd afterwards.

In my passage over the Downs, I met several Shepherds trudging chearfully to their Folds; and indeed their Looks and Gestures methought bespoke so much honest Satisfaction, and true Content, that I could not forbear wishing my self in the same Condition. The more I reflected upon their harmless and inoffensive manner of Living, the more still it seem'd to please and delight me, till at last I grew so much affected, that I resolve to use my utmost Endeavours to qualifie my self to undertake the Occupation of a Shepherd.

To fit my self for this odd Adventure, I perceiv'd there was Three Things to be done in course: First, To provide me with a suitable Habit. Secondly, To instruct my self in the methods of ordering
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ing the Sheep, and setting the Folds. And Thirdly, To find out some sober, prudent person for a Master, that had the Reputation of a Man of Honesty and Sence, and a good Governour of his Family.

As to the first, I went directly to *Dorchester*, and bought a coarse Frock, and other Accoutrements, as near as I could remember, answerable to those I observ'd the day before with the Shepherds; but then I was at a great Loss to contrive how to dispose of my Satchel, and the Cloaths I pull'd off; which, after a great many thoughts and resolutions, I was forc'd, after all, to commit to the protection of an hollow Tree.

Next to this, my business was to find out a means to get some general Instructious how to remove the Fold, and manage the Sheep; and truly, here I found there was no Remedy, but I must e'en apply myself to some honest Shepherd.

I took several turns upon the Downs, before I could meet with a Swain, whose Face and Deportment spoke him fit for my purpose. At last, having pitch'd upon One, whose Answers, &c. shew'd him to have a little more Generosity and Understanding than is common among such
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sort of Illiterate People, I gave him a short Account of my condition, to this effect, Viz, *That I was a poor Unfortunate Young Man, out of all manner of Business; that my Stock began to waste apace; that I had a Particular Desire to fall into the Employ of a Shepherd, and should be glad, for a Beginning, to accept of a Place, tho never so inconsiderable, that would but defend me from Publick Extremity.*

The good man at the very first sight seem'd mightily affected with my hard Circumstances, and withal told me, 'twas almost impossible for a Lusty Young Man to want an Employment at that time of the Year; and, moreover, asked me, if I understood the business of a Shepherd? Says he, There are several other things necessary to make a man a compleat Shepherd, beside following the Sheep, and shifting the Fold, which I don't question your Judgment in. But then the great Inconveniency of all, is, your being an absolute stranger; so that unless you can give a very good Account of your self, you'll find it a difficult matter to prevail with any body to take you into their house.

I could not very well tell what to say to the honest Shepherd's Objection; at last I told him, I was sensible my being a stranger would consequently be very prejudicial to me; But then I told him too, That I did not question, if I could be once so happy to get a Place, but by my Diligence and Integrity, in a little time to recommend my self beyond exception.

As for my own part, says the Shepherd, I am tully satisfied; you have the Looks and Behaviour of an Honest Man; and you may depend upon't, I'll do my best to get you some business; and therefore if you'll come to morrow, and tend my Sheep, I'll go to some of the Neighbouring Towns, and try what can be done.

I told him the only business I was desirous of at present, was a Shepherd's Place, and if he could assist me in that particular, I should endeavour, by some means or other, to make him amends. His Answer was very pertinent, and unexpected, That without any dependance of amends, &c. he had always a pity for poor men in distress, especially for those that seem'd to be honest, as I did. If you deceive me, says he, 'tis your fault,

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fault, you have a good Look ; but if there be a Woolf within, who can help it? However, I'll expect you to morrow ; and in the mean time, I shall be sure to have you in my remembrance.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

The Mendicant is Entertain'd by a Shepherd, as his Servant : He gives a Diverting Relation of the Circumstances of his Admission, and the manner of his Instructions, &c.

ACCORDING to our Appointment, I was with the Shepherd early next morning, who I found busy in changing his Fold, and disposing every thing in order, that I might have nothing to do, but Just to follow the Sheep, and keep 'em from intermixing with other Flocks. He left me his Dog, his Scrip and his Crook, with Orders to lead 'em to a particular place, upon an adjacent Plain, where (as he express'd it) he us'd to drive 'em to Lare about Noon. The Friendly Shepherd had no sooner left me, but several of the Swains that belong'd to the Downs, came about me, being very

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ry inquisitive to know who I was, and from whence I came, as 'tis their common custom, when a Stranger comes among 'em.

They ask'd me several questions, which indeed I was sufficiently puzzl'd to get over; however, with a great deal of difficulty, I did blunder through most of 'em, being still very cautious how I directed my Answers, apprehending, that if I should mistake their Dialect, or use any Terms that did not square with their Rustick way of expressing themselves, I should perhaps offer 'em some occasion of Suspicion, which might consequently ruin my future design.

In short, we had soon done with our Questions and Ceremonies, and in a little time began to grow as familiar, and well acquainted as possible. My business was to learn as many of their Calls and Whistles to their Sheep, and as much of their Language as the time and opportunity would permit; and truly, in three or four hours (as I found afterwards) I had gather'd up several of their most usual Expressions.

About Four the Old Shepherd returns, and found me by the Flock leaning upon his Crook, a posture which I had observed

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 111

ved very common among 'em. Well, honest Friend (says he) I see you are very diligent, and truly I han't been altogether idle neither. I'll tell you what I have done, and if you approve of it, and think good of my Proposals, why then the business is over.

He told me he had undertaken for Twenty Shillings a month to tend Squire F—'s Sheep till *Michaelmas*, and that he would give me Two Shillings *per Week*, Meat and Lodging, and I should look after one of the Flocks, till I could find out a place that would be more advantageous to me.

I was much affected with the Generous Offer of the honest Old Man, and told him, I should never trouble my self to seek after any other place, but did Joyfully accept of his Proposals, and should do my best to discharge my business, and be always ready to signify how much I was oblig'd to him for his Just and Fair Offer.

Without more to do, it was agreed that I should go home with him, and stay there till *Monday*, when he was to take the Squire's Flock into his custody.

I need not tell you how exactly all these Circumstances fell out to my Wish. In these

these three or four days Interval, I had opportunity to Equip my self with Instructions requisite to carry on my design; which would have been almost impossible for me without. About Seven we put the Sheep into the Fold; and so, with as much satisfaction as the Nature of my Case would bear, I trudg'd Joyfully home with my honest Master.

When we came home, the good woman was at first a little surpriz'd, to see her Husband bring in a Stranger; but that was soon over, by his telling her the Substance of our Agreement. Upon which she bid me wellcome; and the next thing in course was the Supper; which, I think was put upon the Table in less than half an hour after we came into the House; 'twas a good cleanly Dish of Bacon and Carrots; which I eat of with as good a gust, and as much content as if I had been at the greatest Entertainment.

While we were at Supper, in comes the Son, and a Boy that drove the Plow, that it seems had been in the Field a sowing Barley, a little later than ordinary: At the Table his Father gave him an Account of our Proceedings. The young man seem'd at first to make some Objections

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ons against 'em, but his Father soon over-
rul'd; and so every thing was adjusted be-
yond Expectation.

After Supper, the young man takes
down a Book, as 'twas customary, and
read divers pages in it: I have forgot the
Title of it now; but I remember it
was one that was writ by a Presbyterian
Preacher, for the use of Country Fami-
lies; and contain'd Little in it beside En-
thusiasm and Nonsense.

This was the most ungrateful Scène in
the whole Adventure: However, I did
not think it proper for me, as Cafes
Good, to make any Remarks; and yet,
when I observ'd how zealously the Fel-
low read, and how intent his Father and
Mother were to him, I had much a-do to
contain my self.

The next thing was, whether I could
read or no? Yes, I told 'em, I could. The
Old Man would not be satisfied till he
had heard me; and so I took a Bible that
lay upon a Shelf, at the End of the Ta-
ble, and read Two Chapters in the *La-
mentations* of *Jeremiah*, but withal, was
forc'd to change my Voice, and alter my
Pronunciation, that I might come a little
near to their Country Tone.

I'll warrant you, says the Old Man, you can write and cast Accompt too: I told him I could do a little of both. *Samuel*, says he to his Son, *Peregrine* will assist you: when I first cast my Eye upon him on the Downs, I durst have sworn, by his Behaviour, he was well bred: Come, Wife, says he, I think we should not make a Bargain with dry Lips; give us a Jug of the best Beer.

I can't recollect every particular Occurrence that past, but this I remember, that we had two or three large Jugs of very strong, well-brew'd Ale, that both the Mother and her Son spoke very pleasantly and freely to me, and told me, tho I was a Stranger, they lik'd me so well, that they would be helpful to me in any thing that lay in their power.

About Nine we went to bed; but I should have told you, in the first place, That the Old Man Liv'd in his own Estate, which was about Twenty Pounds *per Annum*: And that the Sheep he looked after, were all his own; and that he approv'd a Shepherd's Life beyond any other; and therefore made it his choice to tend his Flock himself, being indeed a little lame; and so not so well qua-

qualified to undertake any Laborious Business.

As to my bed, I must confess, there were several things, with respect to that, that I had much ado to undergo, but particularly, the ungrateful Smells of my Bed-fellows Body and Feet. The young man, the Son, with whom I lay, tho he was as Cleanly a Fellow as most in the Country, yet his hard Labour occasion'd him to sweat, and consequently to smell rank and nauseous; however, in a weeks time all things grew customary, and I slept as naturally as if I had been bred up among 'em.

In the morning, between Four and Five, the Old Man constantly rises, and calls up the Family; puts some Victuals in his Serip, and some Drink in his Bottle, and so to his Fold. I went along with him, observing all his Motions very narrowly, that I might get what Instructions I could against *Monday*; and truly, barring their Sheering and Taging, and some such kind of business, I found my self as well qualified as the best Shepherd of 'em all.

Upon *Munday* the Old Man committed his own Flock to my charge, being between two and three Hundred; and truly I

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was extreemly vigilant to govern 'em directly according to his Method and Prescription.

In a little time I grew acquainted with several of the Shepherds, and indeed had soon made my self an Exact Master of the whole Profession. The business grew very easy and delightful to me too, and the manner of Life was so inoffensive in it self, that I began to think it one of the most quiet and comfortable States that ever I was in.

The next thing now (being so thoroughly fixt) was to recover my books, and to dispose of 'em, so that there might be no discovery. I found I had abundance of time upon my hands, which I could hardly pass away without their help; and therefore I resolv'd, by some means or other, to fetch 'em out of the Custody of the hollow Tree, to some place nearer to me.

In order to which I thought it most proper to tell my Dame, that I had some Linnen, and other Necessaries, that lay upon the Road till I call'd for 'em, and that (with my Master's Permission) I would go in a day or two, and fetch 'em: but then I wanted a box to lock 'em up in, which she procur'd for me, and so the
next

next day I fetch'd home my Satchel, and convey'd my books privately into the box.

Every thing being thus dispos'd of, and settled, my next business was to think upon a Method how I might pass away the spare hours I had upon the Downs, with the most advantage. I foresaw if I suffer'd the Shepherds to come to a close Familiarity, their Conversation would soon grow burthensom; and therefore thought it proper to carry my self with a little more Sowness than usual, that I might by no means give 'em encouragement.

I found that the toylsome part of a Shepherd's business, did not commonly take up above two hours of the day, and that all the rest I had nothing to do but to walk about after the Sheep, the only inconvenience that I perceiv'd in a Shepherd's Life: However, to fence against this as well as I could, I apply'd my self to my Books, and my Meditations, till at length I had drawn all my Affairs into such a regular posture, that I must needs say, I was never in a more perfect and compleat state of quiet and satisfaction in the whole course of my Life.

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The Old Shepherd was a very sober discreet man, and an excellent Governour of his Family; and indeed both his Wife and his Son, extremely good natur'd and inoffensive: The only Objection I had against 'em, was, that the mischievous times had spic'd 'em with Phana-ticism and Commonwealth Principles; but those too in a little time I convinc'd 'em of, and withal perswaded 'em against the Presbyterian's book the Son us'd to read in before bed-time, and introduc'd, in the room of it, the King's Meditations in his Confinement: At last, I had wrought upon 'em so far by gentle Arguments and Admonitions (which, with submission, I presume will appear the most regular and successful way to reform an Error of any sort) that they admitted of the Common Prayer-book, and particularly they gave me leave to read the Litany, as I did constantly every night during my stay among 'em.

CHAP

C H A P. XIII.

The Mendicant entertains himself with some short Reflections upon his present Condition, and writes a Letter of Advice to his Brother in London.

Notwithstanding I had fixt my self in my Shepherds State, with as much ease and advantage as 'twas possible for me to imagine, yet still I could not resign my self so effectually, but now and then some melancholy Reflections would break in upon me. Indeed I did my utmost to fence against 'em, but for all that I could not so intirely vanquish the Defects of human Nature; but I must often be sadly ruminating upon my former and present condition.

The utter Ruine and Destruction of my Family was a very heavy and piercing Consideration: and what was worse, I could not apprehend the least Prospect of

a Possibility to retrieve it ; and then again, the hard Circumstances, and severe Usage I had been encounter'd with, since my cruel Step-mother *Fortune* first drove me into the wide World to shift for my self, were very sharp and grievous Aggravations ; to find my self destitute of all manner of Friends and Relations, slighted and rejected by those that had promised me, and indeed, were in point of Honour, Justice and Gratitude, oblig'd to assist me ; to find my self sunk to the Lowest Ebb of Life, the mean condition of a Shepherd ; and what was the most tormenting consideration of all, in a great measure depriv'd of the advantages of Books, Study and Conversation ; were such embittering, cruel Reflections, that I was very often, I must own, unable to bear up under 'em.

As to my Shepherd's State, 'twas truly the best that could be, of that kind ; and indeed the melancholy Opportunities suited so well with my Inclinations, and the fixt aversion I had taken against the World, together, that they had almost persuaded me to resolve to make my way thro' the Briers and Thorns of human life in the same capacity.

But

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But to go on with my Account: After I had fixt my self in all respects, according to my former Relation, I thought now it was high time to write to *London*, to deliver my Friends from those doubts and apprehensions which I knew my private departure must necessarily occasion. We had every day Carriers travelling over the Downs for *London*: So that I had conveniency enough by that means to send my Letters with as much privacy as I pleas'd. The first I sent was to my Brother, that by the assistance of some Friends, was plac'd with an Attorney of *Staples-Inn* in *Holborn*; and was in effect as follows.

*The Mendicant's Letter of Advice
to his Brother.*

My Dear Alexander,

I Know my hasty and private departure from *London*, must necessarily occasion the Apprehension of some, and
the

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the Surprise of most of my Acquaintance. As for thy own part, I am very sensible thou hast been particularly affected ; but by this thou wilt see I am among the Living however ; and I tell thee that, in a far better capacity of ease and satisfaction, than that scurvy Town thou art doom'd to inhabit, can pretend to: Where I am, or what I'm about, is no great matter to thee, only this thou mayst depend upon, I am doing nothing that's unjust: I'm in pursuit of a quiet Life, where I may breath with freedom, and get a little Food and Rayment, which is all I want or wish, without being expos'd to the Perplexities and Hurries, the Scramblings, Cheats and Undermining of a base, mercenary World ; and this thou may'st tell my Friends, if I have any that think me worth their Enquiry : and now I'm writing, I conjure thee not to take it ill, if from the truest Dictates of Brotherly Friendship, I send thee a few hasty Admonitions ; I'm confident, if they do thee no good, they can do thee no harm ; and so at worst thou must look upon 'em as a well intended Impertinence.

First then, I caution thee as a Brother and a Friend, not to disquiet and torment
thy

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thy self about the success o' things; do but thy duty, and let God dispose of thy Affairs as he thinks fit; if thou disturbs thy self never so much, thou canst never remedy their course; but, like a wild Beast in a Net, the more thou strugglest and flouncest, the more still thou entanglest thy self, and at last, perhaps wilt hamper thy self so effectually, that thou art never to be extricated afterwards.

Thou art of a good Family, 'tis true; but then don't let the Notion of that make thee haughty, or ill-natur'd; 'tis thy Vertue and Modesty that will give the Richest Tincture to thy Blood, and will stamp a Character upon thy Name, large as thy Wish, and lasting as the World.

Let the Honour of our Family be a *Memento* to thee against all Vicious Actions, and be constantly in thy View, to deter thee from any thing that's either base or mercenary, or can give the least stain to the Reputation of our Worthy Ancestors.

I have already read thee several Lectures upon the Vices and Follies of the Town, which I hope thou hast not yet forgot; and I must tell thee again, that 'twill require thy utmost caution and defence

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fence to guard thy self against 'em.

There thou wilt be expos'd to all degrees of Villany and Vice, to Cheats and Prostitutes, to Knaves, Bullies and Sharpers, in almost all conditions and capacities. Thou wilt find (my Dear *Alexander*) in that Lewd Town, whither thy unhappy circumstances have drawn thee, little else but Herds of Wild Beasts and Monsters; so that if thou should'st ever be so unlucky to neglect thy grand Defence, I mean thy Vertue, they will be sure to attack thee upon the first discovery, in thy unguarded part; and then 'tis the greatest odds but they wound thee mortally.

As to the Law, the business that thou art confin'd to march through thy Life in, 'tis in it self a very honest and reputable Profession; but then 'tis so strangely corrupted, by cunning Wiles and Tricks, by Covetousness, Bribery, Extortion, and sinister Ends, that there's but little of its Native Design to be discovered.

I know thou will't Pardon thy Brother, if he should by chance say any thing to thee, that did not so exactly suite thy temper and Inclination, and under that Notion I will Venture to caution thee

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thee of one thing, which indeed I cannot mention without Disatisfaction; don't let the furious desire of getting money distort thee from thy proper frame, or urge thee upon any unjust or Irregular Practice; and take this along with thee too, that one penny well got, will do thee more good in the end than a Million otherways.

I must commend indeed thy generous resolution to attempt the recovery of the Ancient seat of our Family, but yet I would not have it purchas'd at the dear Price of fraud or avarice; I have observ'd thee with the deepest discontent in my Judgment, too fierce and eager in the pursuit of Advantage; but don't let the dangerous distemper grow too far upon thee, least at length it get the Mastership, and so make thee a Wretch in both Worlds.

As to thy Religion, I'm iure thou'rt well Principi'd, I have heard thee give a very Handsome account of the Articles of Faith, and Doctrines of thy Church, and let those be thy guides to conduct thee through all the Labyrinths and turns of thy Life.

For

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For Loyalty, 'twas a Principle our Father Liv'd and dy'd in, it cost him both his Estate and his Life, 'twas the cause of the Destruction of his Family, and has driven thee and I Naked and defenceless into an ungratfuell World, but what then? He did no more then his Duty and what the Laws of God and Nature requir'd; he fell a *Martyr* to a Glorious Cause, and left a lasting Character of his fidelity to his Prince behind him, which I hope both you and I shall do our best to preserve to our selves, and then awfully deliver the sacred depositum to be Religiously handed down to his Posterity.

For thy conversation I have often caution'd thee to have a special regar'd to that; our Companions are a sort of Looking-Glasses to us, by which we Dress our selves and shape our Actions and behaviour; so that if the Mirror be false the *Garb* and equipage will consequently be wrong put on: and then be they never so Rich and costly we make but an aukward tawdry Figure.

Beware of contracting a sudden Familiarity with Strangers, or plunging your self at a Venture into mixt Societies. A few Acquaintance and a few books, Provided they are both true, are enough; and
if

if they are not they are too many, you'll find the forming a proper conversation to be one of the highest Indications of a prudent Person, and if you mistake in that you'll find too t'will be a difficult matter, for you, to manage your self in London.

Your Education and Diversion will require a great deal of your Circumspection; the one should be neither formal nor pedantick, nor the other lewd or Extravagant; but they should be both Genteel and usefull, and adapted intirely to the comfort and quiet, or the advantage of human Life.

Well, *Alexander*, I will not trouble thee any more now, but reserve the rest of my admonitions till another opportunity; as for my own part, I am accidentally fall'n into a bye Corner of the World, where, if some spiteful Accident does not remove me, I intend to fix my *non Ultra*. Greatness I despise and abhor, next the Falshoods and flatteries of the Court; the Town I abominate too, and truly am heartily sorry thy hard fate has confin'd thee to it. Bread and Liberty I have, and the plentiful opportunity of wholesome Air, and Innocent Company. I want nothing but a little Library
and

and one Learned Friend upon whom I could depend for advice and assistance: and were these ensur'd to me for Life, I'd freely quit all future pretentions. Let all my Friends know I send 'em my Prayers, and Love; take a double Portion of 'em to thy self, and believe me to be in all Capacities, thy affectionate Friend and Brother.

Peregrine.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

The Mendicant Writes a Letter to his Friend in London ; wherein he makes Passionate reflections upon the Town and Court, and gives a further account of a Shepherds Life.

Dear Capt.

My sudden departure from *London*, I perceive has been the Subject of no small reflection amongst my Friends; but why they should be so much Surpriz'd and concern'd at it, I can't Imagine. Indeed I'm as much at a stand, what it can be that can influence them to undergo, so long, the Din's and Impertinencies, the Dangers and Disappointments, and the contagious stinks and Smoaks of a fulsome beastly Town. I know the preference is preferment from Court, but why they should be so blinded to expect any thing from thence, I profess is a
K greater

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greater Mistry to me, than either of the
former.

A Person with half an Eye may easily
see which way the game is like to go,
Knavery and *Hypocrisy* are the two only
thriving qualifications at Court, and
poor passive Loyaltie is doom'd to
rags and contempt, or to subsist upon its
own Primitive excellence.

Alas! my Friend, Vertue has utterly lost
her Perogative, and unless she will
condescend so low to sneak and cringe
to the Knave, and the Fool, she may
Perish at Court; and who but a Coward
or a Natural can stand by with Patience,
and see her starving to Death?

I potest I stay'd shivering upon the
Brink of the Waters as long as I was
able, and there I might have stay'd till
Doom's Day before any Body would
have push'd me in, unless a deceitful
look, or a false promise would have done
it.

But thanks to providence, I am re-
mov'd out of the Verge of your ungrate-
ful Court, and the Noise and filth of
your Town. Where I am, or in what Post, is
nothing to the purpose, I Live and enjoy
bread and Retirement, and what I Value
equal to 'em both, I am remov'd not
only

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 131

only out of the reach, but even from the pain of expecting any manner of greatness or preferment.

'Tis true I ought to have taken my leave of you and some other Friends, but Indeed my Distemper was grown so Hectick, I could not stay to do it. Sir, you're the only Man that know the true State of my condition, and therefore I think I must depend upon you to get me excused.

Since my absence, I have composed a few short Essays, upon the Calamities of Human Life, which I intend to trouble you with, as soon as I have time to Write 'em out; in the mean time by Vertue of our Old true Friendship, let me advise you to remove your self from Court, with the first opportunity: it's a Dangerous Place; and if you Venture to stay long there, it's ten to one but you'll have cause to repent it when 'tis too late; in my next, you may expect a more Particular account, from your true Friend and Fellow sufferer.

May 25.
1662.

Peregrine

K 2

To

To return to my Former Narrative; I kept my Shepherds post about five Months, in which time I had so effectually learnt the whole Mystery, that, as the General report of me went, I was one of the best shepherds upon the Down; My honest Master was extreamly obliging and courteous to me, and so indeed was his Wife and his Son; nay, the whole Village, by Vertue of the Old Mans Character, behav'd themselves to me, with a respect and distance, as I thought, much beyond what they did to other Shepherds.

But still my unlucky Fate pursues me; my Industry among the Shepherds, in teaching of 'em to read, and Reprimanding 'em as often as I found 'em in any manner of Vice, or Irregularity, had not only gain'd me a sort of respect among themselves, but likewise urg'd 'em, much beyond my desert, to spread my Character all about the Neighbourhood.

Squire F— it seems had heard of me among the rest, and nothing would serve his turn, but I must needs come to him. The Innocent Old Man my Master was apprehensive; at first it was only to hire me

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 133

me for his Shepherd, and so made abundance of excuses and objections against it, but all to no purpose. Within a day comes the *Bayliff* with Positive orders that he and his Man *Peregrine* must come next *Sunday*, to the Hall, to Dinner.

In the Interim I discover'd, by one of the Shepherds, that the common Censures and Conjectures concerning me run very high; some were of Opinion that I was a Jesuit in Masquerade, and come down into the Country for a Spy; others that I was some discontented Person, or a Person that some Crosses or disappointments had driven out of my own Country, and that I had taken upon me the business of a Shepherd, the better to keep my self conceal'd. The Squire and his Family were of Opinion that I was a Gentleman, in disguise, and had taken up a Shepherd's habit, purely to Gratifie a Curiosity, or a humour, which was strongly confirm'd to them by the report the Shepherds made, that I was often observ'd to desire to be by my self, where I might Write, read, and Meditate with the lesser Disturbance; which I suppose was the cause that made 'em so earnest to see me, that they might attempt to learn who I was, and upon what account

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I came into *Dorset-shire*. All this the Old Shepherd at last knew well enough, and yet never once Mention'd it to me, nor suffer'd his son or his Wife to take the least Notice.

In short, I found this was no abiding place for me ; if I Stay'd here I foresaw it would be Impossible for me to escape, being discover'd, which I was resolv'd to prevent at all Hazards : But then the next consideration was how I should bring it about, and at the same time acquit my self Handsomely and fairly, to the honest Shepherd and his Family. In order to which I could think of no better expedient, than to pretend some accidental business at *Dorchester*, which would require me to be there for a Day at least. The Old Man readily comply'd with my request in this Particular, and withal offer'd me one of his Horses, to carry me thither ; which I reject'd ; However he told me his Son should tend my Sheep in my absence.

Having thus far settl'd the manner of my Departure, the next thing was how to convey away my Satchell, Books &c. Which was no other way to be effected, but by waiting an opportunity when all the Family was gone abroad ; and then taking

taking 'em out, and putting them in a secret place at a convenient distance from the House. This hapned to my Wish, and upon *Fryday* Morning I set out, and when I had recover'd my Satchell, instead of *Dorchester* I directed my course for *Shaftsbury*.

I need not tell you what a Contest I had in my mind upon the resignation of my Shepherds Profession. The Friendly Entertainment I had receiv'd from the good Old Man and his Family, pierc'd me to the Soul, insomuch that I was sometimes almost resolv'd, to return and Venture a discovery ; and I believe I had done it too, if it had not been upon the account of some Relations I had in the County, to whom Norwithstanding their unkindness (indeed I might say unjustice) I was loth to give occasion of scandal or reflection.

C H A P. XV.

The Mendicant having left the Shepherd goes to Shaftsbury, from whence he Writes several Letters, one to his Master, the Shepherd, another to Squire F--and a third to Capt—to whom he sends some short Essays upon the Calamities of Human Life, which he Wit upon the Downs &c.

About twelve a Clock I reach'd *Shaftsbury*, which as I was Inform'd was Nine Miles from my former Habitation. To prevent discoveries I had disrob'd my self of my Shepherds habit, and put on that I came from *London* in, but 'twas so rumpl'd and disorder'd by being Cram'd up so long together in my Satchel, that I look'd so very ruff and Particular, that I was both affraid and asham'd to go into the Town with it; however I got into a little Ale House, as far out of all

all observation as I could, and after I had refresh'd my self, Pursuant to my resolution upon my walk, I Writ the following Letters.

The Mendicants Letter to his Master.

Good Master.

THIS comes to Inform you I have quitted your Service, but not out of any dislike to you or your Family. I must own you have us'd me with the highest Frendship and Civility, the remembrance of which I shall preserve with the greatest Solemnity through every Capacity. I need not tell you the cause that forc'd me to leave you privately; you're sensible of that already, but why your Neighbours should grow so very Inquisitive to know what I am, which is a secret that at present I don't think convenient to discover, that I can't conceive; but for their better Satisfaction
you

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you may tell 'em, I am no *Jesuite* in *Masquerade*, nor a Person that has run his Country for Debt; but an Unfortunate young Man, that a great many unhappy accidents, & several cross turns of Fortune have driven into this part of the Kingdom. I may Live to see you again; but if I never should, I hope you won't forget the Instructions, your poor Servant *Peregrine* left you; I mean, those in Particular relating to your Religion and the Government of your Family. As to the Rubrick of the Church of *England*, I have so well Instructed my Bedfellow in it, that I hope t'will be needless now to put him in mind of our Method, *i. e.* To read the Psalms and Chapters for the day, every Night, with the Litany, and some other proper Collects which I have mark'd, in your common Prayer-Book: you will excuse me I presume that I did not formally take my leave of you, and attribute the reason of it to some secret cause; pray all possible thanks and service to my good Dame and her Son, and in return for all your kindness and Civility, accept the Prayers and acknowledgments of

Your faithful Servant,

Shaftsbury
Aug. 27. 62.

Peregrine.

The Letter to Squire F—

S I R

IT seems the Character of an unfortunate Shepherd has spread it self as far as your Family ; poor *Peregrine* is become the common talk of the Country ; some Censure him, others Judg and condemn him, and every Body mistakes him, so that to be out of the general clamour, he's constrain'd to withdraw himself from the service of a most honest worthy Master. Who and what he is, is the Grand Query. Some will have him a Jesuite ; some a Cheat, others an humorist, when in short he's nothing else but the neglected off-spring of deceas'd Cavalier, whom a conjunction of cross Circumstances, have bandyed hither in the quest of bread, &c. I know, Sir, my private departure will inflame the reports, and perhaps may occasion some reflections upon my Master ; That indeed I would prevent at any Hazard, and rather than he shall

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shall suffer the least Injury, Notwithstanding my solemn resolutions to the contrary, will discover my self to your Worship.

Sir, I beseech you to Pardon this Insolent trouble from an unfortunate Stranger that with the utmost distance and Submission,

Shaftsbury Aug. 27. 62.

Subscribes

Peregrine

*The Letter to Capt. M——with a
short Essay upon the Calamities of
Human Life.*

Dear Capt.

I Promis'd you some short Essays upon the Calamities of Human Life, which I have here enclos'd. I know upon the first sight you will be apt to conclude that I have stretcht the point a little too far; Experience is our best Mistress in such Cases, and I dare be bold, if the Generality of Men consider their Birth simply as an entrance into Humane Life, and their Death as an exit out of it, they'll find

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* . . 141

find in the main, without the enforcement of *Philosophy*, that the assertion of the Wise King is a great truth, that the Day of our Death is upon many accounts much preferable to the Day of our Birth.

I have some other Melancholy observations which I intend to trouble you with, but those I'll reserve till my next. Accept of these lame and defective as they are, and allow their unworthy Author some low place amongst the Catalogue of your Friends, who shall ever esteem it his happiness to be thought fit to be,

Your Affectionate,

Shaftsbury August

27. 62.

Peregrine:

E S-

ESSAY I.

Upon the General Calamities of Human Life.

IN all Accounts of Wise Men, we find every thing esteem'd more or less, according as it most Imports to their Interest or Happiness ; and so far Humane Life, considering it simply, *Quatenus* Humane Life, only, is either good or ill in proportion to the advances it makes towards a State of Wretchedness or Felicity. To take a proper Estimate therefore of Humane Life, it will be necessary to examine whether there be not in the general, more Loss than Gain, more Pain then Pleasure, and more Evil than Good, attending upon it ; which I suppose will be easy to Demonstrate, according to the common Rules of proving any thing of that kind. Look but into the Original of Nature, and you'll find her very Being and Constitution Engrafted with so many Solid and Substantial Ills, and has so many

many Seeds of Mortality scattered all over her, that at the very first sight, if you don't look with false Opticks, you must needs perceive her condition to be far too wretched to be reliev'd, by the most Powerful Advantages of this Life.

I know this will seem a very odd Paradox to those, that perhaps have neither sense nor Grace to reflect in earnest upon the Circumstances of Human Life, but for all that, they'll find it at last a sad truth, and be forc'd to conclude with *Valerius Maximus*, that the *Thracians* were a very Wise People, in establishing a Custom to celebrate the Birth of Men with Mourning, and their Death with Joy; which they did without any manner of Instructions or advice, but as it were from the very Motions and dictates of Nature, or from the common observations of the troubles and Calamities of it.

The Original depravation of Nature is an Invincible Argument against the felicity of Humane Life; from thence spring up such an Infinite multitude of pains, sorrows, Disappointments, diseases &c. That from wooll experiences make it too plain that Life with all the additions

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ons that this World can offer, is at the very best but a Wretched disconsolate comfortless thing: for let us consider how many there are that are oppress'd with Slavery, or pine'd with want, worn out with sickness, and consum'd with Vexation, wrack'd and alarmed with fears and dismal apprehensions, and stung with the Guilt and remorses of Conscience, I make no doubt but we shall find the Latter much out-balance the former; that the Evils of Humane Life, do in the main Surmount the Goods, and then 'tis a plain case that if we take it in the fence, I am now discoursing of it in, that Death is much preferable to it.

Alas! what have we here that can engage us to be fond of Life with any reasonable pretence; our pleasure, our profit, our health and our Liberty, are all Dependent and precarious; we are at best but Tenants at Will to 'em, and by any rough turn of fate, or at least upon the first disobliging of our Landlord, may be forc'd out of third Possession in a Moment.

Happyness and contentment we all pretend to search after, we toyle and tug for 'em, and pursue 'em through abundance of Dangerous Wilds and Labyrinths,

Labyrinths, but after all, but few, I'm afraid, none of us overtake 'em in earnest.

'Tis true, 'tis in our own power to make our selves happy, but then our Natures are so Stubborn and restive, so deprav'd, awkward and defective, that they never cease Jilting us into some sort of Vice or Vanity : Man's born to Trouble, to Pain, Danger, Diseases and Folly too ; all, or some of which constantly twist themselves about his Life, like the Treacherous Ivy round the Oak, till they have suck'd up, and exhausted all his Felicity, and then, after a great many Pangs and struggles, forc't him to wither away and die.

He comes into the World screeching and struggling, and goes out of it again Groaning, and Gnashing his Teeth; his Youth is nothing else but a mixture of Danger and folly, and his Age a Composition of pains, diseases, troubles, sorrows, disappointments, and altogether; and his Manhood too stands between 'em like a Parenthesis of Woe, and can by no means be Instated in any tolerable condition of Indolence or ease.

He's born to sin and Vanitie, and indeed expos'd to so many Hazards between

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tween his Cradle and his Crutches, that his preservation amidst 'em, to a reasonable Man, seems almost as miraculous as his Creation. *Homer* calls him a Leaf, and *Pindar* the Dream of a shadow; and another that spoke with a better Spirit than 'em both, say's his Life is but a vapour; he's a Creature so unfixt and perishing, that in all the Memoirs of God's Creation, we hardly find any thing more exaltedly wretched and deplorable; Alas Vain Men, we know not what we are, or upon what account it is we put such a value upon our selves; a few days more will put an end to all our foolish dependancies; the Grave and the Winding-sheet will do it effectually, and 'tis those and nothing else can secure us from the Calamities of Human Life, and defend us from the Cares and Troubles, the sorrows and perplexities of the World.

To have done: the general experience we have of the Calamities of Humane Life, sufficiently supercede the even necessity of future enlargements, 'tis at best but a dismal Vale full of briers and thorns; and there's none of us must expect to make our passage through it without being torn and scratch't and Tormented by 'em.

This

This, or something like it, is most certainly the Condition of Humane Life; but let it be so, 'tis still Insolent in us to Murmure, and without doubt our best way will be to take up the Poets resolution.

*Prætulerim — delirus inersq; videri,
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel deniq;
fallant.*

Quam sapere & ringi.

Horat. lib. 2.

L 2 E S S A Y

ESSAY II.

He demonstrates Death simply, consider'd as an exit out of the World, to be much preferrable to Life, both upon the account of the Evils from which it delivers us, and the Goods into which it Instates us.

Life considered under the simple Notion of self Activity, is so far a good or ill, as 'tis actuated by a Greater or Lesser sense of Pain and Pleasure, so that those Persons only that are sensible of more Pleasure than Pain, Life, consider'd barely in it self, can be any ways desirable, and then I'm afraid too when we come to make the Parallel, we shall find that the Latter in General does so much out Ballance the former, that an exit out of the World, both upon the Account of the Evil from which it delivers us, and the good, into which it Instates us, is in most, if not in every thing, preferable to a continuance in it. 'Tis

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 149

'Tis true indeed Humane Life may now and then enjoy some feeble short liv'd pleasures, but what then, they are so short and so uncertain beside; Nay, and what's worse, are so apt to cloy us to boot; that in all their narrow Circle the greatest part is little else but a mere privation of pain and Misery.

Most of the pleasures of Humane Life, are but as it were some small reprieves from Grief and trouble, a sort of Intermissions from pain and Misery, of which, if we had never Liv'd we had never been sensible.

And besides all this too, our Insensibility of Misery, is but partial and Imperfect, there always clings some unlucky Circumstance to our chiefest pleasure, that gives our sweetest Gust a bitter farewell.

But Death cures us at once, when we go down to make our Beds in the Dust, there we sleep on and rest our selves, not only, out of the reach of a vain turbulent Noisy World, but even out of the distance of the frailty and depravation of our own Humane Nature.

Seeing therefore that Death renders us intirely Insensible of pain and Misery, and that Life in its best and most Improv'd

state, is constantly expos'd to so many Dangerous *Ills*, it naturally follows, that Death considered in it self, without any respect to the consequence, is really preferable to Life.

What it is that engages Men to be so much in Love with a little Paultry Flesh and Blood, I cannot guess, I am loath to think 'tis Cowardice or Inconsideration; and yet when I come to take the matter into peices, and put it together again, I must own I can hardly believe to the Contrary, they must either want a right state of their Condition, have a wrong notion of Life, in General, or else be afraid to quit the World, and die, for besides those, I cannot Imagine what it is that Inclines 'em to doat so passionately upon their own Infelicity.

And Pray, after all, what mighty advantages are there that they can morally propose to themselves in Living? Is it that they may have a little time longer to Pamper their lusts, entertain their Voluptuousness, and appease the raging Importunities of an unbounded appetite, if that be all, there's nothing but a Mouthfull of Earth will do their business, that Indeed will quench the flame of their Impatience, and mitigage the pain
of

of their desires together; and then I appeal to any Man of sense, if it be not far better to be depriv'd of their pain of a furious Expectation, then to be gratify'd with a troublesome Enjoyment that commonly grows flat and loathsome as soon as 'tis in our possession.

Or perhaps they'd Live longer that they may get greater Estates, and so remove themselves further out of the reach of wretched Indigence, and be more secure from uneasyness and fatigue. But alas Poor man! if that's thy meaning, thou must e'en seek repose in the Grave, or no where. This World's so full of Noise and Nonsense: the Vanity is so Incorporated with the Vexation of Spirit, and thy own Nature is so Giddy and loose, so frail and so Imperfect beside; That 'tis the Vainest thing, a kind of folly exalted into madness to expect any tolerable Satisfaction in this Life.

When you go to the Grave indeed, you'll want your Friends to advise and comfort you, and your Companions and Acquaintance, to laugh and rejoyce with you, and you must be lay'd up in an Eternal state of separation.

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But what then, as you have no Friends to assist you, nor no Companions to divert you, so you'll want none, and then what mighty Injury will it be to be depriv'd of that you have no use for; beside you'll be deliver'd from the Danger of false Friends, from sly Acquaintance and Injurious Companions, which I must tell you, by the way, is no Inconsiderable Advantage; you'll be out of the reach of Treachery, Peevishness and Insolence, be deliver'd from Impertinence, vexation and discord, and all the rest of the Inconveniences that perpetually await Human Society.

What if you do cease to laugh and to be merry, you'll cease to weep and to be sad too, and truly I am apt to think that upon a fair Survey, that the sorrows of our Lives do so much out Number our Joys, that by exchanging the one for the other, we should be very great Gainers by the Bargain.

But then when you come to die, you must undergo many a fierce Pang, many a bitter Agony; you must go out of the World thro extremity of Torture, Raving, & Foaming, Groaning, and Gnashing your Teeth; this is often true indeed, and the Consideration is dismal enough; but, what, is there no Torments in Life as well as in Death?

Or, *Unhappy Beggar.* 153

Death? is there no Wracks of mind, no Tortures, nor Stings of conscience, no ungrateful Jealousies, or dreadful apprehensions? Is there no Pains nor Aches, no Gout, nor Stone, nor Strangury, appendant to our Mortality? Yes, yes; they're all the sad Appendages of our Humanity, and from Woful Experience, might convince us, if we had not lost our Sense of Feeling, that Life, drest up with all the Advantages that Humane Nature is capable of, is, at the very best, a most painful and dolorous thing.

What if we did enjoy a competent share of the Trifles of this World, or rather suppose, that all the Elements of Outward Happiness were amas'd together, and thrown upon us at once, what good would they do us, if we could not form from 'em a satisfaction of Mind; and that's almost impossible too, considering how many embittering Circumstances are entwisted and grafted into our very Being and Constitution.

*Dic homo, vas Cinerum, quid confert flos
facierum?*

*Copia quid rerum, Mors ultima meta die-
rum.*

I must own, it has been often the Subject both of my Wonder and Sorrow, that the Fear of Death, for I can imagine it to be nothing else, should so weaken and defeat the Courage, nay, the Understanding of Men, that they should be afraid to suffer the Grand Remedy of all their Calamities; the Cause of it must be this or nothing, they have liv'd Immoral Vicious Lives, and so are frighted at the consequence.

There is indeed one thing in Humane Life, and but one, that renders it a little comfortable, I mean Vertue, without which 'tis all a perfect Wilderness, a meer Weild of Misery, only a flat Parenthesis of Time, encompass'd on both sides with Dangers, Sorrow, Vanity and Vexation.

The Vertuous Man alone can be said to live; the Vicious does but suck in and breathe out a little Air, as the rest of the Insensible Animals do; but he that lives vertuously, lives a Life worth being born for: and yet even a vertuous Life too is made more eligible and advantageous by Death, upon the account it makes our
Hap-

Happiness more compleat, our Enjoyments more extensive, and our possessions of 'em more fixt and permanent.

In the highest Enjoyments of Humane Life there is still more of Phantastory than of Real Good; our Expectations commonly over-run our Reason, and swell our Notions of things beyond what they will Naturally bear: such wretched Cheats and Delusions are most of our Temporary Goods, that they will hardly endure the Test of a Fruition; so that from the repeated Tryals of the Truth of this, methinks we should at least grow a weary of this tiresome Scene of Vanity and Misery.

Upon the whole, Life seems to me to be a strange Composition of Good and Ill, some grateful Intermixtures there are indeed that make it a little the more palatable: but yet for all that, if we consider it only under the Notion of self-activity, or rather as an Entrance into, or an Exit out of the World, Death, I'm sure, must be judg'd preferable to it upon many accounts.

While

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While we continue here, we are in a continual flow and reflow of things ; to day Great, and Rich, and at ease ; to morrow poor, and in contempt, and pain ; now advanc'd to the top, anon crusht underneath the Wheel, and so secure of nothing but misery.

*Mors ipsa beatior inde est,
Quod per crugia mina Lethi
Via panditur ardua Justis,
Et ad astra doloribus Itur.*

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